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July 25

MEMOIR

OF

Miss Mary Helen Bingham

1818-1888

On the 4th of June 1888

In the ~~Seventy~~ Year of her Age

BY JOHN HEWLETT.

Printed by J. H. B. at the Press of the

Author.

London.

Printed by J. H. B. at the Press of the

Author.



ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

PREFACE.

The utility of religious biography is generally admitted. Mementoes of departed excellence are cordially received, and the instructions conveyed by the record, attended to as the voice of one, *who* "*though dead, yet speaketh.*" It is particularly so, where the life abounds with uncommon incident; calling forth the energies of moral principles and christian graces:—and where the active benevolence of an individual has proved that any person in extreme necessity was deemed his neighbour, and loved as himself:—also, where in early life, there is evidence of superior intellect, apparent in the objects of their pursuit, and the knowledge acquired; and especially when there has been corresponding piety practically proving the enjoyment of christian privilege in its length and breadth—its depth and height, to an extent with which many of riper years are not acquainted, or, are not sufficiently solicitous to attain,



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the probability of their practical tendency, sufficiently obvious. It is on record, that an aged German minister was invited by a friend, to go and hear the Rev. W. B. preach at Hull in Yorkshire. On leaving the chapel, the person who had invited and accompanied the aged minister, said to him, "Well, Sir, how did you like Mr. B.?" "O the sermon was excellent," he replied. But it was further asked, "Did you not think, Sir, that he rambled from his subject?" "O yes," he rejoined, "he rambled delightfully from de subject, to de heart." The writer is no advocate for rambling; but if he has been guilty of it, he hopes it has been "from the subject to the heart." *Candid* criticism, should the memoir be deemed worthy of notice, will not break the writer's head, but descend upon it as oil, and reach his heart, and prompt him, if encouraged to appear again before the public, not only to cherish his conviction of the responsibility, but to exhibit fewer defects, in attempting to promote the present and eternal welfare of his readers.

THE AUTHOR.

MEMOIR

OF

MISS M. H. BINGHAM.



MISS MARY HELEN BINGHAM, the subject of this memoir, was born at Hague Lane, near Chesterfield, in the county of Derby, on the 12th day of June, 1808. Her great grand-father *Mr. Isaac Bingham* "walked in the fear of the Lord and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost." He was a member of the wesleyan society at HEELY, near SHEFFIELD, when the societies in that neighbourhood, were in an infant state and experienced *troublous times*. Her parents, decidedly pious and truly converted to God, were assiduous in cultivating the minds of their offspring; instilling religious principles, not only as a foundation for moral rectitude, but for that evangelical obedience to God, which arises from and is characteristic of a change of *heart*, and prepares for the kingdom of heaven.

B

How great the responsibility which devolves on parents ! and which is well expressed by a christian poet :

“Shall I through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray, my charge divine,
My delegated power ?
The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of each I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour.”

Where, to *cruel neglect*, parents add a *vicious example*, the extent of their criminality can only be known in the great DAY of DECISION, and in the LIGHT of ETERNITY : then the circle of demoralization and wretchedness, continually enlarging through successive generations of their posterity to the end of time, and increasing the depravity of others within the sphere of their influence, will fill them with unutterable confusion, and intolerable pangs. How appropriate the following *parental* address to the *Father of Spirits* :

God only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright.

Made apt, by thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny :

Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride ;
And lend their youth a sacred clue
To find the Crucified.

We would in every step look up ;
By thy example taught
To alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

We would persuade their heart to obey ;
With mildest zeal proceed ;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

How highly are those children favoured, whose parents train them in the fear of the Lord ! how promptly and cheerfully they ought to embrace the instruction imparted, and to bend their minds to the influence exerted. The depravity of the human heart is frequently evidenced in opposition to parental restraint, as being unkind and unjust : nevertheless, parents ought not to be discouraged, as prudent perseverance, under divine influence, generally succeeds in convincing the judgment—preventing the formation of vicious habits, and securing the affection of the child.

Miss B. was a pleasing instance of this. Possessing a mind inquisitive, comprehensive, and vigorous, her parents could feelingly exclaim

“Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss''

A knowledge of the being of God, and his perfect acquaintance with human conduct, and the workings of the heart, had a salutary influence on the mind of Miss B. at an early age. She felt herself in his presence—his eye upon her, and herself responsible to him. A circumstance occurred when about three years old, which induced her to address God in prayer, soliciting a favour, and entering into an engagement to serve him, if her petition was granted. Her desire was fulfilled.

This was the *earliest incident* in her life to which she could refer, and the retrospect afforded her pleasure, in finding it wore a religious aspect. When about seven years of age, in a serious conversation with her mother, she said "I hope I shall live until I am sixteen years of age, and enter the methodist society, and be prepared for heaven."—Immediately she retired into another room, and wept a considerable time. How early in some children, and especially in those of religious parents, the operation of divine influence becomes apparent.

PARENTS, who have been prompted by parental affection, and encouraged by the promises of God, to sow the *seed* of religious knowledge and principle in the minds of their children, as *soon* as they can talk, and

tell the difference between pleasing and grieving—a smile, and a frown, should not suppose that the seed must necessarily lie in the ground for years, or even months, before it makes its appearance ; but like the gardener who has sown his spring seeds in favourable weather, looks for its appearance in a few days ; and if disappointed the first day, looks for it the next : so should parents look for the *blade* and anticipate *harvest*, remembering the declaration “the promise is unto *you* and to *your children* ;” seed time is given you, and *harvest* shall *not fail*.

The children in this religious family, were accustomed almost from infancy to receive parental and ministerial instruction, and to think and make observations on what they heard. When Miss B. was ten years old—her brother John eight—Thomas seven—and Joseph five ; Thomas observed to his father one evening—‘there was something about the Jailor in all the sermons we have heard to day.’ They had heard two sermons preached in different places by two ministers, and their father had read one to them at *home* on the same subject. Mr. B. replied ‘it was quite accidental.’ Joseph the youngest said ‘when I preach I shall preach the gospel.’ ‘What is the gospel ?’ John inquired. Miss B. said ‘the writings of Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John.’ John, who had proposed the question, rejoined, ‘the gospel is good news or glad tidings to lost and perishing sinners.’ John was the best theologian, and is now a local preacher. Some persons probably may hear with apathy the lisping of infants and the prattle of children even on religious subjects, but there are many others who will attend to it with pleasure, and rejoicing with

Hosannas exclaim "Lord, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength and perfected praise."

When a child, she appeared to have a contemplative mind, which produced a degree of abstraction from childish pursuits; which, as *cause* and *effect*, considerably increased as she advanced in life. By the young and gay, her company would not be considered as calculated to increase the hilarity of a social party, who were occupied with uninteresting trifles, and elated with empty mirth. But to such as delighted in flowers, or leaves, or grasses, or moss, she was found a pleasing and intelligent companion. At a very early age she commenced the study of botany in the garden, the fields, and the lanes, prior to her having obtained a treatise on that science. The cultivation of her flower garden afforded her an interesting and healthy amusement, and the acquisition of a choice plant or flower yielded her a high degree of gratification. She collected a considerable variety of mosses which she was happy to exhibit and describe. Her acquaintance with the minute peculiarities and beauties of the vegetable world supplied her with a fund of information, and with almost ceaseless topics of conversation, when in company with those who evinced a congenial mind. The disposition to investigate minutely whatever was deemed worthy of her attention, tended to expand and store her mind with complete and distinct ideas of her subject; and that which she thus comprehended, was generally retained entire.

From the flowery carpet of earth, Miss B. raised her eyes, and elevated her thoughts to the spangled

heavens! The science of astronomy arrested her attention, and acquired a firm hold of her inquisitive mind, and became the second grand object of her study. She attended a course of astronomical lectures, and procured a celestial atlas, and found in the magnitude and revolutions of planets, and their distances in illimitable space, ideas suggested, and ecstasies excited, which could fill and expand the mind that had previously solaced itself with the minutiae of creation.

On fine star-light evenings when Cynthia was below our horizon, enlightening the other hemisphere, Miss B. would leave the family engaged in domestic pursuits, or social converse, and take a candle and lantern, and her atlas, into the garden, and consider the heavens! the work of Jehovah's hand: and as she viewed the amazing pomp of "worlds on worlds," her eyes, if not "with a fine phrensy rolling," whilst the ear listened to "the music of the spheres," would serve as conductors to the heart, and produce the greatest excitement and pleasure, of which she was daily becoming increasingly susceptible.

Such was the ecstasy of feeling produced by some of these contemplations of the starry heavens, that she would run into the house, and endeavour to prevail on some of the family to come into the garden and participate her *joy*, which was sometimes damped by hearing them exclaim, whilst she was pointing out by name some star of peculiar brilliancy, 'Why, Mary, it looks very well, but we have seen all this before.'

These objects of contemplation and investigation excited greater interest in her, from the existence and influence of those religious principles which had been

early implanted in her mind, and were growing with her growth. To find evidence of infinite wisdom and almighty power displayed in the visible creation, required but little effort of intellect. The sentiment expressed by a poet, would be frequently presented, and readily adopted.

“These are thy works, parent of good ! Almighty !
Thine this universal frame ! how wondrous fair !
Thyself how wondrous then !”

Instead of the vague idea of the *works of nature*, she would rather say

“God’s hand, unseen, sustains the poles
On which the huge creation rolls !—
The starry arch proclaims his power !—
His pencil glows in every flower !
In thousand shapes and wonders rise
His painted wonders to our eyes !
While beasts and birds with labouring throats
Teach us a God in thousand notes !
The meanest pin in nature’s frame,
Marks out some letter of his name :—
Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from grove to grove ;
Across the waves, around the sky,
There’s not a spot, or deep, or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God !”

To a juvenile mind, exempt from those associations

of turpitude, which, from an extensive knowledge of human delinquency, frequently present themselves, what a freshness—an untouched bloom is exhibited in the delightfully interesting appearances of nature. How vivid its beauties! and how strong the force, and how lasting the effects of early impressions on a warm, excited, and excursive imagination.

Miss B. was well versed in geography, and had a tolerable acquaintance with modern history, particularly the English.

Youth is the spring of life—the season for mental cultivation. Sowing, and planting, and weeding, may then be pursued with comparative ease and encouraging success. The lone savage in the desert may neglect it—the Turkish barbarian forbid it—females in India despond of attaining it—but civilized society requires it, and Britain offers it to all, and to her indigent population, without money or price. *Here SCIENCE* throws open her treasury, and inspiration is heard to exclaim “*Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.*” Prov. iv. 7. Ignorance should be as earnestly deprecated, and as assiduously chased away, as its effects are to be deplored. Solomon has said, “*I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw*

and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction." Prov. xxiv. 30. "For a soul to be without knowledge is not good. Prov. xix. 2. Unfed, it lacks nourishment, and feeds upon itself, and pines, until its powers, originally capable of expansion, and promising at least the height of mediocrity, become enfeebled, prematurely decrepit, and shrinking, present the puny stature of a dwarf.

It is not intended to convey the idea that young persons are to seek and acquire knowledge at the expense of those claims which parents, and masters, and society, properly urge. Until those relative claims are satisfied, or shall cease, however irksome or galling manual labour may be, the appointment is just, that "if any man will not work neither shall he eat." Certainly, there is a possibility of young persons giving an exclusive attention to literary pursuits, totally, or too generally neglecting those domestic duties necessary to the well-being of a family, and to qualify them for those important stations in life which they may in future be called to fill.

It must be admitted that Miss B. felt but little inclination, and evidenced but little aptitude for household concerns, prior to the period of her becoming religious. After this, and more especially towards the close of life, her application to these things, though by no means absolutely necessary, afforded pleasure to her friends. Whether the present or probable circumstances of young females, may call for, or dispense with, a continued and practical attention to domestic economy, an experimental acquaintance with it, in its various branches, would enable them to minister to their

own necessities, and in a very considerable degree promote the comfort of themselves and friends. In families where there are many children, though servants be kept for menial and laborious offices, how extensively the elder female children might relieve maternal care by their occasioning as little trouble as possible, and in cheerfully, and promptly, and methodically, endeavouring to prevent the wants, or to supply the necessities of the younger children. Who will deny that children are under inviolable obligations to love and honour their parents? in doing which they should think more of their duty, than of their desert; and though it has been said the performance of it, does not so much merit praise, as the neglect of it, deserves censure and reproof; yet may they conscientiously serve in love, and confidently anticipate their approval, and find joy in their favour, and obedience its own reward.

But whilst it is asserted that suitable attention to domestic duties will tend to form an extensively useful character, not to be sacrificed for brilliant and attractive attainments, it will be proper to remark that the latter may be commendably superadded, where circumstances will admit and justify the acquisition.

Though a concession has been made above, in reference to Miss B. it is due to her character to add, that in the attention given to her favourite pursuits, her object appeared to be *intellectual pleasure*, rather than *attractive display*.—Knowledge is to be sought for the former, for itself, and for the public weal, rather than for the latter, the public gaze and adulation. A vain person has not a proper respect for himself or others. The conduct of such is more calculated to produce pity,

or to excite disgust, than to inspire either love or fear. The *glare* of a COMET may surprise a spectator, but the *purer* and *less radiant light* of the *fixed polar STAR* has proved more *attractive* and *beneficial* than all the comets which have successively astonished the world. Desire for, and attempts at *display*, generally fail of success, and not only produce disappointment and vexation to the individual, but debases and unnerves the mind, and calls off its attention from subjects which claim and would repay an extended and persevering application. It has been properly observed in reference to the conduct of those who are satisfied and puffed up with superficial knowledge, that

“A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
'Tis little draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again!”

It is probable Miss B. would have *drunk deep* of the fount of knowledge, if her life had been protracted to a later date. Her mind had space—her desires were insatiate—and her means were sufficient, through the kindness of her parents who were ever ready to foster and support their young and feeble, yet luxuriant vine. In stature she was tall, and womanly in appearance, when only twelve years of age. It is well known that she had a presentiment, for several years before her death, that an early tomb awaited her. Repeated attacks of disease probably gave existence to this opinion; and certainly increased the strength of it when adopted. There were intervals of freedom from these

attacks, and her friends endeavoured to remove the idea from her mind, but they only occasionally and partially succeeded.

Towards the close of the year 1821, when upwards of thirteen years old, whilst conversing with a friend she received a religious impression which was never effaced, but produced a decision of character, and had an abiding influence on her conduct. She was informing her friend of a species of persecution which she had recently experienced from two young ladies, on account of the methodistical *plainness* of her dress. Her friend, after listening to the statement, observed "will it not be awful, Miss B. after being persecuted for the *appearance* of religion, to be found *without* it?" A conviction of the necessity of experimental religion, fixed on her mind, and prepared her for the reception of those divine influences which she subsequently received, and which produced entire devotedness to God. It may be truly said "*a word spoken in season how good it is.*" It is certainly of great importance to have religious principles, even in the absence of renewing grace; and to be enabled to adhere to them firmly, regardless of

*"The world's dread laugh
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn."*

If Miss B. had yielded to the solicitations of the ladies who teased her respecting her dress, and become a devotee to the varying fashions of the day, which, while they perish in the using, too often take and keep exclusive possession of the heart; she might have lived

and died a stranger to experimental religion, and only have been pitied as having found an early tomb. But she became truly pious—knew by experience, that the ways of religion were pleasant—enjoyed its consolations in affliction; and her peaceful serenity, and holy exultation in the article of death, were witnessed by the ladies mentioned above; who, by contrasting their state and prospects, with those of Miss B. were convinced of sin, earnestly sought, and satisfactorily obtained converting grace; and are now walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost.

Occasionally, Miss B. amused herself in writing verses, generally on serious subjects, for which no days are claimed as the reward of superior talents; but, for the insertion of which, indulgence and candour are solicited as *favours*, considering her age.

The following lines were written by Miss B. on receiving information that an infant sister was recently born.

TO MISS S. A. BINGHAM.

Sweet infant! in the dawn of life,
Thy tender mind from care is free:

Thou know'st no toil, nor pain, nor strife,
All scenes are happiness to thee!

If thine, youth's slippery paths to tread;

May God thy kind protector be;

And point thee to the paths that lead

To blissful immortality.

In early life do thou begin.

Sarah, to seek and serve the Lord;

Refrain thy youthful feet from sin;

From every evil work and word.

And as thy days and months increase,

Do thou in heavenly knowledge grow;

Improve each passing hour through grace,

And glorify thy God below.

May peace on all thy steps attend,

Whilst passing through life's chequer'd scenes:

And when thy days on earth shall end;

Bring thee where God for ever reigns!

If to old age, on earth, thou'rt spared;

May peace thy hoary head attend,

And thou be ready and prepared,

*To meet thy GOD—thy *father's* FRIEND!*

In the commencement of the year 1822, Miss B. was placed by her parents, under the tuition of Mrs. *Unwin*, at *CROMFORD*, near *MATLOCK BATH*. *CROMFORD*, and its vicinity, were peculiarly agreeable to her, and were calculated to call forth the energies of her mind. Its lofty and romantic mountains, whose sloping and pyramidical sides, generally covered with wood, present a variegated scenery, from the oak and fir and alder and birch intermingled; particularly when undulated by the various eddying currents of air, which, compressed in these narrow defiles, rush forward to find more ample vent. The majestic

MAM-TOR, with the DERWENT flowing at its base, repays the river with a few shrubs near its margin, and presents its bald front to the eye of the spectator, regardless of the varying seasons: though in undress, fearless of the storm; and, as if assuming to be *coeval*, asks no favour at the hand of HOARY TIME!

The narrow and sequestered vallies, with their silver streams, and the iron-coloured Derwent, *here* purling in whispers; *there* gurgling in higher tones; anon retiring into their depths, preserving a solemn silence, whilst they reluctantly deign to move, cannot fail to interest the eye, and ear, and heart. *Light* and *shade* have an indescribable effect in this Alpine district. Their reign and influence appear mutual and equal; and the more so, as each succeeds to the other's empire; and their prominent beauties are irradiated in regular succession—then sink into shade, and willingly serve as a foil.

The CAVERNS correspond with the ROCKS, equally partaking of the majestic, and calculated to astonish the beholder! The length and height and depth of *some* of them, is very considerable. *Nature* and *art* have combined in the formation: the *former* supplying materials, and leaving fissures in the mountains:—the *latter* uniting *design*, with *efficient energy*, has agreeably demonstrated that '*knowledge is power.*' Miners, in searching for LEAD ORE, with which this district abounds, have met with these openings; and a public spirit, and taste for the romantic and wonderful, in *some*; and hope of reward, in *others*; have carried forward, and in a considerable degree, completed these astonishing and highly interesting places.

The MUSEUM, gratuitously open to visitors, contains a considerable collection of natural curiosities, by no means confined to, though abounding with such as are peculiar to that district; the splendour of which is heightened by the high state of perfection, the manufactory of spar has attained in that neighbourhood; of which, numerous ingenious trifles, and some very costly specimens, are exhibited.

The medicinal properties of the water at the BATHS, and the salubrity of the air, are well known; and cannot fail to prove attractive; their utility having been so extensively experienced.

In this delightful situation, amid these 'BRITISH ALPS,' Miss B. when taking her walks, found interesting objects incessantly presenting themselves, and soliciting investigation: but whilst contemplating them, in their variety, and beauty, and magnitude, she felt no disposition to DIFY matter, and regard chance; and fate, as its cabinet council; for she "looked through nature, up to nature's God!" Doubtless, the pleasure which then pervaded her mind, would have been heightened beyond description, if she could have said; with a consciousness of adoption into the family of God; "My Father made them all!" Nevertheless, this pleasure was sigh, as at that time she was not far from the kingdom of God. The new creation had already commenced in her soul. Though preserved by restraining grace, from gross sin; when the Holy Spirit applied the law, in its spirituality, to her conscience; she was convinced of her sinfulness—that DIVINE JUSTICE might claim her life, as forfeited to the violated law—and that she had neither ability nor

permission to work for life, so as to merit and obtain JUSTIFICATION, by the deeds of the law. Humbled under a sense of sin, and "*sorry after a godly sort,*" she rejoiced in the doctrine of the ATONEMENT of Jesus Christ, and earnestly sought that *faith*, by which, free justification unto life is obtained.

How prone are many who professedly are seeking the forgiveness of sins, notwithstanding they decry human merit, to cherish a self-complacency, because they have come out from amongst the ungodly, and regularly engage in public and social and private worship. "*Compassing themselves about with the sparks of a fire of their own kindling,*" they exultingly "*exclaim, Aha! I have seen the light!*"—solacing their own minds, and expecting to satisfy others, with their *convictions* and *regrets*, which they doubt not are evidences of grace; and are therefore satisfied, though resting in *first principles*, from which they generally fall back, either into sin, or a pharisaic and delusive security. It would be *beneficial* to those who are only *partially* awakened, to look at the LAW, until they feel it applied by the *Holy Spirit*, in its whole length and breadth and depth and height, to their actions, words, tempers, thoughts, and imaginations; extorting the confession "*In me dwelleth no good thing.—O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?*" This is *especially necessary* for persons who have been very *moral* and *self-righteous*; as their being convicted of sin, and feeling themselves under the sentence of the law, to death, is not, in general, so easily nor so speedily effected. Then, instead of suspecting that they are required to consider themselves

as being *more* depraved and guilty than they *really* are, they would be convicted of the exceeding sinfulness of *their sin*, by the Holy Spirit thus applying the law to every temper and thought, ascertaining their existence, degree, bias, impurity, and motive—placing the evidence of these before them—citing their conscience to confirm the evidence, till overpowered by it, with pungent grief they would exclaim

Guilty I stand before thy face ;

On me I feel thy wrath abide ;

'Tis just, the sentence should take place ;

'Tis just,—but, O, thy son has died !

That such views as the above, are *especially* necessary for *such characters*, will appear, by considering, that the views which an accused person may have of the law, do not alter the *nature* of the law ; nor can they shield a convicted person, from the penalty awarded by justice, according to law : and least of all would justice abate the penalty, in behalf of those who dispute *its right to investigate, decide, and punish*. As the Lord is a jealous God, and will not give his honour to another, it is the more necessary to consider what HE absolutely and righteously demands, than to venture our souls on the base of mere human opinions, of moral and sufficient rectitude, which may one day be detected as the offspring of pride and self love ; and consumed as wood, hay, and stubble, when Jesus Christ will try every man's work as by fire.

••Frequent, strict, and impartial self examination, is

indispensably requisite for awakened persons, in which they should have especial respect to their *motives*, and compare them with the word of God. Then, probably, those who have been the most self righteous, may become willing to confess with COWPER, that "prior to their becoming a subject of divine influence, they had never *performed a good, or abstained from a bad action, from a right, a christian, motive.*" This would cause them to feel that they are *'tied and bound with the chain of their sin, without hope of escape, or power to accomplish their own redemption.* How welcome to such is the message of those, who, exhibiting the crucified Jesus, exclaim, "*Behold, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world!*" How promptly would such respond,

"'Tis all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!"

Whilst *salvation* is acknowledged by many, to be of *grace*—there is cause to fear that some do not sufficiently consider that it is to be realized by FAITH, a *grace*, not always sought with that earnestness of soul, in prayer to God, which its importance demands; as the instrument by which justification is consciously realized in the soul. It is explicitly stated, "*by grace ye are saved through faith, and that (faith) not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.*" Faith, though offered as a gift, is not the less valuable; and earnest and importunate application for it, is demanded. The listless applicant, evidences too little excitement, and thereby evidences that he is *not prepared to receive the*

grace of faith; and much less the blessing of justification. In his state of mind, *faith* would scarcely be received as *favour*, and would not be used as the *only* LEVER by which he could be raised and placed on the foundation of the atonement. It might be inferred, that such an one does not comprehend, or approve of God's method of justification: or, that he does not cause his mind, so to dwell on the subject, as to produce, and keep up an excitement, in fervent supplication for faith, and justification through it, as the "*one thing needful*."

Miss B. soon experienced the accomplishment of that gracious promise, "*THEN will I be found of you, when ye seek me with your whole heart.*" Diligently attending the means of grace, her desire for salvation—fervour in prayer—and faith in the promises, considerably increased. She began to meet in *class*, and found *that* mean of grace in particular, conduce to her spiritual prosperity.

The first time she met in class, she seated herself where she supposed that she should be the last person that the class leader would call upon to declare the state of her mind. When he spoke to her, she replied after a considerable pause "I am a sinner—I have broken God's commandments" and could say no more for grief and tears. Often when taking her walks at Cromford (as she stated to one of her brothers in her last sickness when exhorting him to seek the Lord) she used to stand with clasped hands, and eyes lifted up to heaven, and pray,

Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove;
And set my soul at liberty,
By thy victorious love:—

frequently feeling a desire not to leave the place until she obtained a sense of God's pardoning love. Hearing at class of the salvation which others enjoyed, her faith, though weak, was stimulated and strengthened. She soon found much comfort, and a considerable degree of inward peace; but could not be satisfied without a clearer manifestation—a full assurance of her pardon and adoption. The following letter which she wrote while at Cromford, to her mother, will be acceptable to the juvenile reader, as exhibiting the commencement of her correspondence; and to the experienced believer also, for its artless simplicity, and as affording evidence of a mind under a gracious influence, with an entire devotedness to its one great object. When compared with her subsequent experience, and writings, the letter will enable the reader to recognize her rapid improvement in grace, and the maturity to which she probably would have attained, if her life of so much promise, had not closed ere 'twas noon.

CHAPEL HILL, CROMFORD,

April 18th, 1822,

My dear Mother,

It afforded me the greatest pleasure, to receive a letter from you, and to find that you are recovering so fast. I am sorry my little sister is so poorly. I hope she will live till I return. I am much obliged by your readiness to send me ***** I think, my dear mother, that I can almost say I am not proud of my advantages, except it be of parents so kind as to give me the opportunity of gaining knowledge. I trust

that I do not neglect the "*one thing needful*." The Lord has given me to see what I am by nature, and what I must be by grace. His spirit has led me to cry for mercy :

I have no hope or plea beside,
I have sinned—Christ has died !

I have begun to meet in *class*. I feel thankful for such a privilege. During prayer, the last class night but one, I suddenly felt great peace of mind. I have enjoyed that peace ever since; and I hope, through Christ strengthening me, I shall be able to keep it, until I have a clear manifestation of my acceptance. SATAN throws his *darts* at me. He is afraid of losing this once-willing subject. Mrs. U. was so kind as to get me a note of admission to the *love-feast*. I there heard a woman rejoice in having her sins pardoned; and I felt determined, by grace, not to rest till I also could rejoice. On Wednesday night, whilst at prayer, I felt great faith, and thought that I could, and would believe. I felt so happy, that my language was, Jesus take body, spirit, soul; only thou possess the whole! I thought that I could say, Jesus died for me.

I find this important part of my life, [*education at school,*] drawing to a close. I am working a picture, which I hope will give you satisfaction. I must apply myself to finish it, and the rug. My dear mother, there is generally, either preaching, or prayer-meeting, or class-meeting in the evening, and I think you would not like me to lose any of them. In my walks, spring flowers remind me of home, [of her flower-garden there]

and of midsummer, [when she expected to return] and I can scarcely refrain from tears, when I think of the happy meeting we shall have, especially if all enjoy the peace and love of God. Give my love to Miss C. I could not forget her advice to me, and prayer, 'that you might receive me back a new creature.' I am happy to hear that Miss W. is better, I hope she will recover. I have written to my grand-mother two months since, but have not received an answer. Give my love to my dear father, brothers, and sisters, and Betsy; and accept it yourself, from

your affectionate daughter,

Mary Helen Bingham.

Miss B.'s spiritual advantages at CROMFORD were truly great. She might have said, "*the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places and I have a goodly heritage.*" Placed in a religious family; favoured with the society of christian friends, and christian ministers, and daily with the means of grace, her convictions continued—her seriousness was sanctioned—her spiritual desires were promoted—her holy resolutions were strengthened—her efforts were encouraged—and her progress accelerated, and witnessed with joy. From the above letter it appears that she found much comfort and peace in the service of God: nevertheless, she could not, and would not, be satisfied without a full assurance of justification. She had great and precious promises in scripture, of a rest from the *guilt of sin* in the love of God shed abroad in the heart: and though she thankfully received the manna of consolation and support vouchsafed in the means of grace, she *lived* upon it, not that

she might continue in the wilderness, enjoying these favours merely, but that she might derive strength to hasten through it to the promised land. Had the Israelites, whilst receiving miraculous supplies, in the wilderness, resolved to continue there, relinquishing all desire for the land of Canaan, it is probable that they would have been considered as guilty, and punished as severely, by God, as if they had *returned to Egypt*. Doubtless their miraculous supplies would have been withdrawn; without which, they could not have lived. And is not the experience of many who have renounced spiritual Egypt, too similar? they have had low degrees of spiritual strength and consolation communicated, but have been more gratified with them, than stimulated forwards by them. They have been ready to say it is enough; and by this, have *grieved* the SPIRIT, who would rather have made them *sons by adoption*, than left them *mere SERVANTS*, with a probability of their degenerating into *SLAVES of SATAN*. Probably some awakened persons are more solicitous to *do this or that*, in order to *serve* God, than to be *saved* by him. Who then can wonder at their sins and sorrows—their doubts and fears—or that these constitute and continue them in an ‘*howling wilderness*.’ How can the fruit be good, until the tree be good! How can persons live as justified persons, as children of God, until they are justified and adopted by him. Let every awakened penitent, plead for an increase of FAITH in the exercise of that which he has, and he shall instantly prove, that to him who improveth what he hath, more shall be given: and whilst he is receiving an increase, let him encourage himself and others, saying, “we will go up

at once and possess it," for "all things are possible to him that believeth."

This was the conduct of Miss B. The declaration in the letter, given above, "I felt determined by grace not to rest till I also could rejoice;" and "I thought I could, and would believe," was not an evanescent feeling, like the morning cloud and early dew passing away: it was abiding, and led to those gracious results she anticipated; viz. adoption into the family of God, and possession of an inward kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. This will appear in the following letter, which she wrote to her mother a fortnight after receiving the blessing of justification:

CHAPEL HILL, CROMFORD,

May 3rd, 1822/

My dear Mother,

Perhaps you may be surprised at receiving a letter from me so soon. I have written to my grand-mother, and having an opportunity of enclosing one in the parcel, I could not neglect it, being persuaded you will be well pleased with the contents. When I wrote last, I was not clear in my acceptance with God; but on Saturday night, the 20th of April, whilst engaged in prayer, the Lord spoke unto my soul "*thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee.*" Immediately I experienced such peace as I had never felt before. I can now say "I am a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." I feel that my "God is reconciled" and I can rejoice in him who has freely forgiven me; and washed me in the all-atoning blood of Christ. I cannot find words to express my

praise for the infinite goodness and love of God to me who have rebelled against him. I feel "the spirit answering to the blood : it tells me I am born of God." I can truly say that religion "is not a cunningly devised fable." I find in it what there is not in all created things. I can say

How unspeakably happy am I,
Gathered into his fold, with his people enrolled,
And I hope with his people to die !

I love my class. I feel it a precious privilege to meet with his children. Sometimes I climb the rock behind Mrs. Unwin's, and view the road which leads home : my thoughts swiftly fly there. I think much of you ; not, my dear mother, that I am uncomfortable ; far from it ; I like Cromford better than ever. I think, with every passing day, I find remains of the carnal mind. I pray that the Lord will subdue in me every thing contrary to his holy will, and make me his wholly. I wish to set an example to my young friends, and that they may see what the Lord has done for me. I should rejoice if the Lord would deign to make me of any use to precious souls. I think Miss G. and the eldest Miss W. are both determined to seek and serve the Lord. I hope Thomas has not forgot the impression he received at the funeral of the little girl ; that he was not fit to die. I hope he is determined to turn to the Lord. I hope John does not forget to talk to him on this subject. I shall be short on this subject, as I know that both of them, daily, receive better instruction than I can give.

My love to Miss C. to N. L. my dear father, brothers, sisters; and accept it yourself.

From your affectionate daughter,

Mary Helen Bingham.

The above letter cannot fail to interest the pious reader, on a recollection that the writer was not then fourteen years old. How clear the change—how satisfactory the assurance—how sweet the peace—how strong the joy—how ardent the praise—how constraining the love which she felt; desirous of being rendered useful to her young friends at school, and to her brothers at home. Her *language* on this occasion will not appear singular, or boasting, or feigned, to those who have as clearly and satisfactorily received the great blessing of justification: such will know that it is *Shibboleth*; and will acknowledge her as a true Israelite, and not a foreigner and stranger. This new born soul exhibited the features, and breathed the spirit of a child of God: and children of the same parent, children of God, easily recognize each other; the Holy Spirit having implanted in their hearts a fraternal sympathy and attraction, they perceive and love God's image, and, by an indescribable union, feel they are one in Him.

What must have been the feelings of her parents, on receiving such information? What pleasure! what joy! Pious parents, who have travailed for the spiritual birth of their children, and have heard the new-born cry, will find no difficulty in comprehending it: *joy*, chasing away their anxieties and sorrows; rising to the ecstasy of angels, when a sinner is

converted on earth; whilst they exultingly announce the *fact*, and the *affinity*, in heaven.

Miss B. now felt as if introduced into a new world; or, the old one wearing a new and delightful aspect; especially as she found she had a property in it—a title to it—and enjoyment of it, “*inheriting the earth*,” as a child of God. She could say with filial *gratitude*, not from *pride*,

For me kind nature wakes her genial power;
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower:
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me—suns to light me, rise;
My foot-stool, earth—my canopy, the skies!

This delightful feeling is in general the experience of those whose conversion from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, is speedily effected, and clearly and strongly testified. The sudden transition, and first exercise of their spiritual senses and faculties, produce a new and unutterable effect. This will not appear improbable, nor surprising, considered in connexion with their *first* and perhaps *sudden* experience of the *absence* of guilt and fear—the *presence* of peace and joy, of love to God and man. No wonder such exclaim

I look around, beneath, above,
And see, and hear, and feel, thy love.

The following letter was written to her aunt, the same day as the last to her mother.

CHAPEL HILL, CROMFORD,

May 3rd, 1822.

My dear Aunt,

I am afraid you will think me very neglectful of my duty, in not having written to you sooner. My time is fully occupied; but I think I shall please you, by giving you a description of the place in which I reside.

Mrs. Unwin's house stands upon the side of a gently rising rock. Before it, to the south, at a very little distance, rises another rock, covered with different kinds of trees: at the foot of this is a piece of water of a green colour, rather lighter than the sea; into which, a beautiful fall of water, from a stream above, is frequently seen leaping, and dancing, as it descends the declivity, until it reaches and rests in the lake beneath. To the east, rises another ridge of black rocks, crowned with larch and fir; and the village of Cromford is in the valley, almost surrounded by rocks. Matlock Bath is to the north; and the rock, on the side of which the bath house stands, is beautifully clothed with trees; and on the top of the mountain, are pieces of rock of all shapes and sizes, apparently thrown in confusion; covered with moss, ivy, &c. To the west, is a most beautiful view of the rock in front of the house, which continues until it nearly joins a round grassy mound, from which I have had many delightful views, and is only separated by a narrow road. Other rocks are to be seen over the summit of these,

which seem to touch the sky, and forbid all further prospect. Some of these rocks appear in the most picturesque forms. From an eminence, north east, there is an extensive prospect of Mr. Arkwright's house, park, cotton mills, and the river Derwent: this view extends three miles, and is terminated by brown barren heaths.

But before I entirely cover my paper, I will introduce a better subject. Since I came to Cromford, I have not only *sought* the Lord, but I have found him to the joy of my soul. I am now happy in my Saviour—in him who has washed me in his all-atoning blood. Through his intercession, I feel I am accepted with God. I have an inward peace; Christ in my heart the hope of glory. As you are a partaker of this, I need not attempt to describe it. To enter fully into this subject, and tell you all I feel, would take up more room than my paper will allow. You and I are joined to his people. I hope we shall continue his here, and meet around his throne in heaven." My love to my uncle and yourself.

From your affectionate neice,

Mary Helen Bingham.

The following lines are an answer to a question which had been proposed to her. QUESTION.—Are you prepared for judgment? And, What are your thoughts on a future state?

To the question stated here,
I gladly answer without fear:

By grace received through Jesu's name,
Now ready and prepared I am.
When Jesus shall appear on high,
Enthron'd in glorious majesty ;
With joy, I shall, my master greet,
And take above, my heavenly seat :
Shall in ecstatic raptures fall,
Before my God, my all in all !—
On golden harps shall tune my song,
For ever, with the blood-bought throng :
In sweet felicity enjoy,
What I have tasted here below ;
And there my head, a crown shall wear !
These hands, a conquering palm shall bear !
And there in endless pleasure move,
For ever with the God I love.

May, 1822.

M. H. Bingham.

COMPOSED ON TAKING A WALK UP BORE LEE,
NEAR CROMFORD.

Hark ! the cuckoo's note—a stranger
Sounding in the distant vale ;
She, from other lands a ranger,
Our returning spring to hail.

Answered by the blackbird's lay,
Sweetly warbling trees among,
Now she salutes the rising day,—
Ends the evening with a song.

See ! majestic rocks, aspiring
To the high and vaulted sky :
Oak and elm on some are growing ;
Others, culture quite defy,

That rock appears with turrets high,
This on a lowlier bed,
And whilst they captivate the eye,
The mind to wonder lead.

There the strawberry in pale hue,
Clad in its native green ;
And there the bell, in tincture blue,
With various flowers are seen.

Shrubs, flowers, moss, and ants, unite
And give, whilst they engage
The philosophic mind, delight
In this enlightened age.

June 1st 1822.

The subject of this memoir began, in the month of June, to keep a journal of her religious experience, and continued to do so until incapacitated by affliction. Much might be said in favour of this practice, especially for young persons, as it would require frequent self examination—place before the eye, their imperfections—demand contrition and humility—lead to abhorrence and confession of transgression—prompt to prayer and faith for salvation, and to holy resolution to be the Lord's—reminding them that their vows are upon them—stimulate to watchfulness—make them

more acquainted with their own hearts (their ignorance, weakness, unprofitableness), than with the failings of others!—would preserve them as spiritual racers, from “running at uncertainty”—as christian warriors, from “fighting as those who beat the air.” Her first entry is on the 9th of June, 1822, six weeks after her conversion, and her last on the 13th of February, 1825, sixteen weeks before her decease. From this journal, copious extracts will be frequently given:

June 9th, she writes, “the Lord has been shewing me how much of the carnal mind remains in me—that in my flesh dwelleth no good thing—that I ought and must be entirely sanctified, in order to serve him with a perfect heart. Through his infinite mercy I am saved from *the guilt of sin*. The Lord has humbled me as in the dust, in shewing me my state. I was almost ready to despair; but, blessed be his holy name, I was enabled to look to the strong for strength, and found it proportioned to my day. I called upon him, and was greatly blessed. O, the depths of his love! How precious was my Saviour. I felt that I was as nothing, but Christ was all in all. I long to be entirely renewed—to have nothing but love in my heart, and always to have God’s approving smile. I feel as much in earnest for *this blessing*, as I did for *justification*; and am as fully determined never to rest until I find it. Truly I do hunger and thirst after righteousness, I feel a growth in grace. May the Lord enable me to grow daily, and to run with patience the race set before me. May I never backslide from the Lord. God forbid, that, having begun in the spirit, I should end in the flesh. May I increase in

all the graces of the Holy Spirit, "until the top stone is brought on with shouting." Amen.

"Nothing less will I require,
 Nothing more can I desire;
 None but Christ to me be given;
 None but Christ in earth or heaven!"

Such were her holy breathings, and pious resolutions. To the great blessing of *entire sanctification*, her attention was directed by christian friends; and especially by the savoury and stimulating ministry of the REV. W. E. MILLER, then stationed at *Cromford*. Convinced by the Holy Spirit—by scripture precepts—and her own experience, that she needed it:—recognizing her privilege in scripture promises—crediting the testimony, and admiring the consistency, of those who declared they enjoyed it, she applied herself to the attainment of it, panting with desire—with zeal pressing forward in pursuit—encouraged by conscious progress—knowing the salvation was nearer than when she first believed. In the extract from her journal, she says '*I feel as much in earnest for this blessing (entire sanctification) as I did for JUSTIFICATION.*' Why not? It ought to be thus with all christian believers, who, instead of *ungirding* the loins of their minds on the attainment of any spiritual blessing, would do well to *recollect*, that they have *not yet* apprehended *the whole* of that for which they were apprehended of Christ Jesus—that what they have *not attained* was purchased with blood, that it might be gratuitously given to them—that it is exhibited, to stimulate them

to efficient effort—that the attainment of the *whole*, for which they were apprehended, completely prepares for the vision of God—that the present life affords the only opportunity for preparation—and that the brevity, and uncertainty of this life, are daily demonstrated. A conviction of *this*, should prompt us to *keep the girdle on*: and, if, during our recent exertions, or in the joy of successful effort, any inclination or affection for higher spiritual blessings, or holy resolution to persevere to the end of our spiritual race, has slipped from our girdle, loosening the whole, by leaving its place; and by descending to earth, encumbers our feet and retards our progress; let us *instantly gird it up*, and *secure* the whole; concentrating our views and desires, and directing our efforts to the attainment of every blessing of grace and glory which were purchased on the cross, and are promised in the word of God.

The communication of any spiritual blessing, however great, though demanding our attention and gratitude cannot be intended by God, to be the *boundary* of our *view* in the expansive field of christian privilege (almost an infinite space, without any vacuity), nor as the highest and ultimate blessing to which we should aspire and attain, in this probationary state. The aptness of disposition to be satisfied; and the inertness of soul which succeeds the least effort; (as if the bow, from which but *one arrow* has proceeded, must be immediately unstrung, and continue so, until some extraordinary circumstance rouses *to* effort), rather represents religious feeling and exertion in such, as that which should be termed an *occasional* **ACT**, to which they are only prompted by sheer

necessity; and not as an HABIT of mind, much less a LIFE; *a life of faith in the SON OF GOD.* A *slothful* spirit is highly reprehensible. It has been said, that a person of considerable talent, who rarely exercised it, was interrogated by a friend, who, witnessing his sloth with regret, said unto him, 'why do you not rouse yourself, and exert the mental powers you possess.' To which he replied, 'O! it is so *heavenly* to *do nothing.*' Who would not pity, and censure such an individual? But is not the LAODICEAN case of some professors too similar? Doubtless, angels, concerned for the general welfare of the human members of their family on earth, and particularly when in the exercise of their ministry to the *special objects* of it, behold with astonishment and pity, those, who, having received pardon, are solacing themselves with the change of their *state*, and *relationship* to God, being *justified* and *adopted*; instead of being solicitous to attain that *entire change of nature*, and *maturity in grace*, which is absolutely necessary, in order to their *attaining* to "*a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.*" To this full stature of christian privilege and scripture precept, those have not attained, whose graces are diminutive from the continued existence and operation of the carnal mind. Such, to say the least, are deficient in height; are *lower* than the standard of stature, in proportion to the height, or degree, in which the carnal mind remains within them. Therefore the *destruction* of the *carnal mind* should be early and earnestly sought by believers, not only as it occupies space in the heart, which grace should exclu-

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more acquainted with their own hearts (their ignorance, weakness, unprofitableness), than with the failings of others!—would preserve them as spiritual racers, from “running at uncertainty”—as christian warriors, from “fighting as those who beat the air.” Her first entry is on the 9th of June, 1822, six weeks after her conversion, and her last on the 13th of February, 1825, sixteen weeks before her decease. From this journal, copious extracts will be frequently given:

June 9th, she writes, “the Lord has been shewing me how much of the carnal mind remains in me—that in my flesh dwelleth no good thing—that I ought and must be entirely sanctified, in order to serve him with a perfect heart. Through his infinite mercy I am saved from *the guilt of sin*. The Lord has humbled me as in the dust, in shewing me my state. I was almost ready to despair; but, blessed be his holy name, I was enabled to look to the strong for strength, and found it proportioned to my day. I called upon him, and was greatly blessed. O, the depths of his love! How precious was my Saviour. I felt that I was as nothing, but Christ was all in all. I long to be entirely renewed—to have nothing but love in my heart, and always to have God’s approving smile. I feel as much in earnest for *this blessing*, as I did for *justification*; and am as fully determined never to rest until I find it. Truly I do hunger and thirst after righteousness, I feel a growth in grace. May the Lord enable me to grow daily, and to run with patience the race set before me. May I never backslide from the Lord. God forbid, that, having begun in the spirit, I should end in the flesh. May I increase in

all the graces of the Holy Spirit, "until the top stone is brought on with shouting." Amen.

"Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire;
None but Christ to me be given;
None but Christ in earth or heaven!"

Such were her holy breathings, and pious resolutions. To the great blessing of *entire sanctification*, her attention was directed by christian friends; and especially by the savoury and stimulating ministry of the REV. W. E. MILLER, then stationed at *Cromford*. Convinced by the Holy Spirit—by scripture precepts—and her own experience, that she needed it:—recognizing her privilege in scripture promises—crediting the testimony, and admiring the consistency, of those who declared they enjoyed it, she applied herself to the attainment of it, panting with desire—with zeal pressing forward in pursuit—encouraged by conscious progress—knowing the salvation was nearer than when she first believed. In the extract from her journal, she says '*I feel as much in earnest for this blessing (entire sanctification) as I did for JUSTIFICATION.*' Why not? It ought to be thus with all christian believers, who, instead of *ungirding* the loins of their minds on the attainment of any spiritual blessing, would do well to *recollect*, that they have *not yet* apprehended *the whole* of that for which they were apprehended of. Christ Jesus—that what they have *not attained* was purchased with blood, that it might be gratuitously given to them—that it is exhibited, to stimulate them

to efficient effort—that the attainment of the *whole*, for which they were apprehended, completely prepares for the vision of God—that the present life affords the only opportunity for preparation—and that the brevity, and uncertainty of this life, are daily demonstrated. A conviction of *this*, should prompt us to *keep the girdle on*: and, if, during our recent exertions, or in the joy of successful effort, any inclination or affection for higher spiritual blessings, or holy resolution to persevere to the end of our spiritual race, has slipped from our girdle, loosening the whole, by leaving its place; and by descending to earth, encumbers our feet and retards our progress; let us *instantly gird it up*, and *secure* the whole; concentrating our views and desires, and directing our efforts to the attainment of every blessing of grace and glory which were purchased on the cross, and are promised in the word of God.

The communication of any spiritual blessing, however great, though demanding our attention and gratitude cannot be intended by God, to be the *boundary* of our *view* in the expansive field of christian privilege (almost an infinite space, without any vacuity), nor as the highest and ultimate blessing to which we should aspire and attain, in this probationary state. The aptness of disposition to be satisfied; and the inertness of soul which succeeds the least effort; (as if the bow, from which but *one arrow* has proceeded, must be immediately unstrung, and continue so, until some extraordinary circumstance rouses to effort), rather represents religious feeling and exertion in such, as that which should be termed an *occasional* ACT, to which they are only prompted by sheer

necessity; and not as an HABIT of mind, much less a LIFE; *a life of faith in the SON OF GOD.* A slothful spirit is highly reprehensible. It has been said, that a person of considerable talent, who rarely exercised it, was interrogated by a friend, who, witnessing his sloth with regret, said unto him, 'why do you not rouse yourself, and exert the mental powers you possess.' To which he replied, 'O! it is *so heavenly to do nothing.*' Who would not pity, and censure such an individual? But is not the LAODICEAN *ease* of some professors too similar? Doubtless, angels, concerned for the general welfare of the human members of their family on earth, and particularly when in the exercise of their ministry to the *special objects* of it, behold with astonishment and pity, those, who, having received pardon, are solacing themselves with the change of their *state, and relationship* to God, being *justified and adopted*; instead of being solicitous to attain that *entire change of nature, and maturity in grace*, which is absolutely necessary, in order to their attaining to "*a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.*" To this full stature of christian privilege and scripture precept, those have not attained, whose graces are diminutive from the continued existence and operation of the carnal mind. Such, to say the least, are deficient in height; are *lower* than the standard of stature, in proportion to the height, or degree, in which the carnal mind remains within them. Therefore the *destruction* of the *carnal mind* should be early and earnestly sought by believers, not only as it occupies space in the heart, which grace should exclu-

sively possess, for expansion and growth; but, as it is ever exerting the energy it possesses, to circumscribe the sphere of divine influence—to counteract its operations—and to prevent, or lessen, its intended beneficial results. The *entire destruction* of the CARNAL MIND, was one of those special objects, to which the death of the Saviour had a prospective reference. The apostle declares that “*Christ gave himself, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself, a peculiar people, zealous of good works.*” And in another place, he says that “*Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it, with the washing of water, by the word; that he might present it to himself, a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish.*” Under this conviction, the apostle prayed, that the Thessalonians might enjoy this salvation. He thus prays:—“*The very God of peace, sanctify you, WHOLLY: and I pray God, your WHOLE spirit, soul, and body, be preserved blameless, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.*” To be *satisfied* with a sense of pardon, without earnestly seeking the blessing of entire sanctification, appears as if the individual was more desirous of being *saved from God's displeasure*, than to be *assimilated* to the *divine nature*. Does it not rather become us; is it not incumbent upon us, to evidence that high sense of obligation to God, and entire devotedness to him, which are expressed in the following lines?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small :
 Love so amazing !—so divine !—
 Demands my soul !—my life !—my all !

Henceforth, shall no profane delight,
 Divide this consecrated soul :
 Possess it, thou, who hast the right,
 As Lord and master of the whole.

June 12th. My birth day [*fourteen years of age*].
 May I, from this time, fully dedicate myself to the
 Lord, and serve him with all my ransomed powers, and
 do all to his honour and glory.

June 16th. How gracious is the Lord ! How
 manifold his mercies ! O the depth of his love. I
 cannot yet say with confidence, that I have the witness
 of entire sanctification. At times, I feel nothing but
 love, with such an humble dependance on my Saviour,
 that I seem less than nothing. I have no object, or aim,
 but the heavenly lamb. O those precious words,—the
 all-atoning blood of Christ ! He is my all in all, the
 joy and desire of my heart. What amazing love in God
 to man ! How poor the returns we make to him.
 I now give up my body, soul, and spirit to him.

“Small as it is, 'tis *all* my store :
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.”

How incomprehensible the love of Christ.—‘ 'Tis more
 than angel tongues can tell, or angel minds conceive.’
 How much we shall have to praise him for, through all

eternity. What ANGEL can sing a higher song, than the song of believers:—"to him, that loved us, and washed us from our sins, in his own blood, and made us kings and priests; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Under *this date*, is another important, though short entry in her journal, manifestly written at a different time of the day or night. It is probable that *the above* was written early in the evening; and the following, later at night, when retiring to rest. She says "this night, I have received an assurance of entire sanctification, having felt these blessed words applied to my mind, "I will, be thou clean." The former entry evinces a preparation for, and near approach to the great blessing; and in the interim of the entries, her faith realized that pearl of great price. The promise was fulfilled, "then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness and from all your idols, will I cleanse you: a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart, out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, 26. The accomplishment of this promise, enabled her to love the Lord her God, with *all* her heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, having no rival object in view, nor in her heart a rival flame: and, in purity of intention, and affection, entirely devoted to the Lord, she felt, and gave evidence of purity of heart—or entire sanctification. Thus she happily experienced, that

"None too largely from heaven's love can hope,
If, what they hope, they labour to secure."

It is cause of regret, that any truly religious persons, do not consider it their privilege to be entirely sanctified, until the hour of death; as such an opinion is calculated to prevent that desire, and hope, and effort, and faith, and enjoyment, to which they are called, in "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." It may be objected, that some who believe in the privilege, are neither enjoying it, nor pressing into it. Admitting this, and that such will be beaten with stripes, proportioned to their guilt, in neglecting to live up to the meridian revelation of privilege and precept: yet, is it not probable, that even *these* persons find the advantage of acquaintance with these privileges and precepts, in all their extent, as they dare not attempt to persuade themselves, that a shorter course, or lower mark, is all that God has appointed, or man can attain? But is there any thing to prevent the attainment of this salvation? What is the insuperable barrier? Is there not a *sufficiency* of *power* in God? He has all power in heaven and in earth.—All things are possible with God. Is there not a *sufficiency* of *love* in God? GOD IS LOVE! He gave his only begotten son, and with him offers us all things. Is it not the *will* of God concerning us? Certainly; it was in the mind, the design of the Saviour—it is a part of the covenant of redemption;—and is inserted in the christian's MAGNA CHARTA, signed with the blood of Jesus Christ, and sealed by the *eternal spirit*:—for "Christ gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people:—that he might present them without spot or wrinkle or any such thing." Is it prevented by the *guilt* of *past sin*?

There is no guilt, no condemnation to those who are in Christ, and walk not after the flesh but after the spirit. Does our *unworthiness* render it impossible? Jesus Christ, GOD'S *lamb*, was without spot—of infinite price—and his shed blood of infinite desert, and was offered and is accepted for us:—also it is by *grace* we are (and may be *fully*) saved. Are our *infirmities* the barrier? The spirit (who is *almighty*) helpeth our infirmities, helpeth us, mightily strengthening us. Is it because of——*unbelief*? Assuredly: the Saviour could not do many *mighty* works because of *unbelief*. But he can remove unbelief and communicate *faith*, unwaveringly strong; mighty for this mighty work; enabling its possessor to take God at his word, and, realizing the blessing, to exclaim “all things are possible to him that believeth.” What a mercy that this blessing of entire sanctification is not only *equally* the privilege of Believers as justification, but is as properly an object of faith, by which it may be as easily realized here. The believer who asks the question

But is it possible, that I
Should live and sin no more?

may add

Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The *faith* shall bring the *power*.

It would not excite surprise if those, who deny the doctrine of divine influence on, and the direct witness of the Holy Spirit to the minds of the people of

God, were to reject the experience and testimony of those who attain this salvation, as the overflowing of ardent and enthusiastic minds. Be it so; those who profess to be the subjects of the Holy Spirit's saving influences, enjoying pardon and adoption, should be careful how *they* concede to *unbelievers*, their own birth-right (the witness of the spirit to the grace he gives), for *less* than a mess of pottage: for if there be any point or weight in the arguments of *unbelievers*, against the direct witness of the spirit, these would apply equally to the testimony of those who are *only* justified, as to those who are entirely sanctified. Those who have attained the latter blessing, can vindicate their testimony, objected to by brethren who avow the possession of the former, declaring in the words of the apostle, "we having the same SPIRIT of *faith*, we also believe and therefore speak, that the abundant grace, might, through our thanksgiving, redound to the glory of God:" the same almighty spirit, the author of faith, who worketh and witnesseth in you, worketh and witnesseth in us; and

We by this spirit prove,
 And know the things of God;
 The things, which freely of his love,
 He hath on us bestow'd.

Our nature's turn'd, our mind
 Transform'd in all its powers;
 And both the witnesses are join'd,
 The spirit of God with ours.

His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

The early attainment of the above blessing by Miss B. ought not to be considered as questionable by those who have not yet received *their* PENNY, though they have borne the burden and heat of the day, to *the eleventh hour*. Such ought not to conclude, that an admission of the truth of her testimony, would throw a shade on the *justice* of the DIVINE BEING; but rather recollect that, while Jehovah as a *sovereign*, can do what he will with his own, he is also the *righteous judge* of the earth, whose ways are all *equal*, and cannot possibly desire, or will, or act, contrary to his eternal truth, and immutable justice. Perhaps some of these who have so long borne the burden and heat of the day, by various acts of self denial, their prayers, and praises, and religious observances, have, while recollecting their former disobedience to God, and transgression of his law, forgot, that as the heavens are higher than the earth, so is his mercy to them that fear him. Losing sight of the *infinity* of HIS *mercy* to pardon, and *power* to testify it to the conscience, they have *confined* their *views* to the highest standard of *human* *mercy*, supposing that for a good man some would even dare to die, but feeling their *guilt*, have hesitated to believe in the privilege of a present consciousness of pardon; and have not yet believed with their hearts unto righteousness, and consequently, and necessarily, continue without their penny, without

an assurance of salvation. And shall these whose *fears* dishonour God, envy those whose faith has honoured him, and whom he has therefore delighted to honour? Or shall they *murmur* against him who has so long *waited* to be gracious to them? Shall such arraign HIS *justice*, who has long been exhorting them to *prove* his willingness to open the windows of heaven, and pour them out a blessing that there should not be a sufficiency of room to receive it?

Compared with *the twelve hours* of some professors, Miss B. had but *one hour* allotted her for labour in the spiritual vineyard of her Lord. *She believed that her time would be short*, and resolved therefore that what her hand had found to do, should be done with her might; and knew by happy experience that her labour was not in vain in the Lord, as he of his grace, rewarded her work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope, in our Lord Jesus Christ, empowering her to

“Walk high in salvation and the climes of bliss.”

As the midsummer recess was approaching, when Miss B. intended to visit her parents, she was requested by a young friend residing near her, to write a few lines to her, for the reason stated in the letter which is subjoined.

TO MISS A. W.

My dear young Friend,

You desire that I should write to you. I know not what to say, as I see and talk to you

daily. You express a desire to have a few lines to keep in remembrance of me when I am gone. I think no subject will be so profitable as religion. As children of God, religion ought to be the subject of our daily conversation, but we too often suffer the trifles of this world, to occupy our time and thoughts, instead of employing them to the honour and glory of God.

O my dear sister, what heights and depths there are of love to which we have not yet attained. I hope you will never rest until you have perfect love in your heart. You have now, as an adopted child of God, a *title* to heaven, but never rest until you have a *perfect meetness* for it. You daily hear that blessed servant of God, Mr. M. enforce entire sanctification. I know not how to be sufficiently thankful to God, that I ever heard that blessed privilege preached, and *I believe that I now enjoy it*. Let us continue to look to Jesus who is the author, and will be the finisher of our faith. Let us press forward, and pray for grace, that we may be faithful to death, and receive an eternal crown.

We are both young in years, and know not what we have to pass through, but as we have chosen the Lord for our guide, he will keep us in the slippery paths of youth, and pilot us safe over the sea of this life, and bring us into the desired haven of eternal rest.

I feel sorry at the idea of leaving my first christian friends, and at leaving my class: but I am going to parents who will receive me with joy, that I, a poor prodigal, have returned to my heavenly father.

My dear Miss W. let us strive, as we grow in years, to grow in grace, and to bring forth all the fruits of the Holy Spirit; and adorn religion, by our conduct.

Let us not forget to pray for humility : and that we, and our friends, may be such as the Lord will say to, "well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord," is the prayer of

Your sincere friend and sister in Christ,

Mary Helen Bingham.

CHAPEL HILL, CROMFORD,

June 20th, 1822.

In a day or two after the above date, Miss B. returned to her parents, at Hague Lane; and the meeting produced emotions of pleasure, not easily described. The petition offered in her behalf, when going to school, by a pious neighbour, 'that her mother might receive her back, a new creature,' was graciously answered, equal to the desire, and probably beyond the expectation of the petitioner. It is well to recollect, that as the conversion of those around us, is not hopeless, prayer should be offered in their behalf; and that for others, who evidence a preparedness of heart, to receive the salvation of God, we should not only pray, but endeavour to believe; remembering, that, when Jesus saw the faith of those who brought to him, a man sick of the palsy, He said to the man, "son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." How often it is seen, that the inwrought prayer of the righteous, in behalf of others, availeth much.

Young persons, who have experienced the converting grace of God while from home, frequently find on their return, considerable difficulty in holding fast whereunto they had attained. Probably *some* in the family, will expect too much from them; nothing less than angelic

perfection; and on finding the *infirmities* (*not sins*) of human nature, immediately allow the character to sink in their esteem. Others, admiring and injudiciously applauding what they first witness, deteriorate the excellence they found, and censure what themselves have produced. Others, perceiving excellence which they do not possess, and are unwilling to seek, perversely depreciate that which they ought to attain. Others will not credit the *reality* of the change, but wait, anticipating evidence of depravity that will unmask hypocrisy, and afford them an opportunity of blazoning their own superior honesty, who make no pretension to religion. While *others* care for none of these things, if the person will but resume his former pursuits, and indulge in a playful familiarity—innocent amusements—or at most, but small foibles: yet these are often chagrined, and become maliciously revengeful, when the pious youth refuses compliance, preferring an attention to relative duties—mental improvement—or devotional exercises.

The piety, and prudence of Miss B.'s parents, would exempt her from most of these trials; but that trials would arise and exercise her graces in a large family, cannot be doubted. It is pleasing, however, to find that she held fast her integrity and received not the grace of God in vain.

The following is the first entry in her journal after her return from school.

Hague Lane, June 30th, 1822. The Lord in his infinite mercy has restored me to my parents, a new creature in Christ Jesus. I again behold the place of my birth; but what alterations have taken place in me

during my absence. I left this place with a carnal mind, far from God, but I return to it a child of God, fully justified and sanctified through the all-atoning blood of Christ.

Domestic cares occupy my thoughts; and I am afraid of losing grace; but I find the only remedy is to live near to God in private prayer. Through his grace, I am clear in the enjoyment of entire sanctification; but I want to live nearer to God—to enjoy closer union and communion with him. I would sink deeper and rise higher into the life of God. May the Lord ever keep me from looking back, or resting in present attainments, or thinking highly of myself. May I press forward with redoubled zeal and give him all the glory. I feel Christ so precious to me, that to die would be eternal gain. I feel him my all in all—more than I can express.

“Now God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessor,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.”

May I so run my race that at last I may receive a crown of eternal glory.

“This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gain’d,
Kept by the power of grace divine;
“I have the faith maintain’d.”

“The apostles of my Lord,
 To whom it first was given,
 They could not speak a greater word,
 Nor all the saints in heaven.”

The above record does not afford the least evidence of high-mindedness, self-sufficiency, or making void the law through faith, which would have discredited her testimony and destroyed its validity. It evidences gratitude to God—an acknowledgement that the great salvation which she experienced was through the blood of Christ—a holy jealousy of herself lest domestic cares should injure her soul—a longing desire for more intimate communion with God—an increasing conformity to him—and also a *willingness to die*. Wherever the spirit of grace exclusively reigns in the heart, he not only gives *assurance* to the individual, but *secures* his own honour, by fruits of righteousness, produced in the life of his subjects; demonstrating by the holiness of the fruit, the goodness of the tree. He communicates to such, grace, by which they honour his government, and rejoice in the testimony of their conscience, that they walk as sons of God, harmless and blameless, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation.

It is pleasing to find that her intense desire for personal holiness, did not degenerate into that anti-christian temper and conduct which makes *self* the centre and circumference of all their concern, desire, effort, and enjoyment; leaving them destitute of soothing sympathies with afflicted members of the body whose head is Christ. True religion simplifies the complex

springs and movements of the human mind; and, where it entirely sanctifies, removes all that is contrary to supreme love to God, and pure love to man; throwing into this one great principle of love, all the energy which before was weakened in proportion as it was divided and injudiciously directed, with the advantage of an inexhaustible source, an eternal supply from the omnipotent God.

On hearing, in a few days after her arrival at home, that her young friend at Cromford had experienced a painful bereavement in the death of her excellent mother, Miss B. lost no time in writing the following letter of condolence.

HAGUE LANE,

July the 5th, 1822.

My dear young Friend,

Hearing of your severe affliction, I write to sympathize with you. I had entertained some fears, that your dear mother would not recover. Alas! my fears were too well grounded. As soon as I heard of your loss, I felt deeply for you. You have lost a tender loving parent, who cherished your youth, and instructed you in the ways of the Lord. You have now to lament with the deepest heartfelt sorrow, a loss, which time, though it may soften the distress, can never restore. But your dear parent has now done with terrestrial things, and is singing hosannas to her redeemer.

My dear friend, the only source of consolation, you can have, is RELIGION. It will bear you above all your trouble, though *at present* nothing may seem to

render you any comfort, or pour the healing balm into your deeply-wounded heart. Cast your care upon the Lord, for he careth for you. Put your trust in him, and he will support you in all things, through which you are called to pass. In early life, you have had a severe trial; and I trust the Lord has enabled you to bear it: and, if you continue to love and serve him, will preserve you in all the chequered scenes of life, and be your everlasting portion. I have no doubt that you enjoy the consolations of religion, on this mournful occasion; and in the midst of your grief for this temporary separation, you can rejoice that your dear parent is enjoying eternal felicity, and that you are hastening after; and though your time on earth, may be protracted a few years, *that in heaven you shall meet to part no more.* How joyful will be the meeting—a mother welcoming her daughter to the realms of happiness, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Let me exhort you still to follow the Lord in the narrowest of the narrow paths. Give him your whole heart. Live near to him in prayer, and press forward with all diligence to make your calling and election sure. Seek, and rest not until you are fully sanctified.

May we both serve the Lord with a perfect heart and a willing mind, and at last receive an eternal crown. My love to my class-mates—my respects to Mr. and Miss W.—Mrs. and Misses M.—and believe

I remain your sincere friend in Christ,

Mary Helen Bingham.

The pious parent, whose death occasioned this letter of sympathy, was a mother in Israel, as well as of a large and lovely family of children, from whom she was removed by the stroke of death. Her simplicity—cheerfulness—suavity—hospitality, assiduous attention to the poor, and devotedness to God, will long be remembered, and the name of Mrs. Ann Wheatcroft, wife of Mr. N. Wheatcroft, of Cromford, be as ointment poured forth, confirming the declaration, that “the memory of the just is blessed.” Having around her an extensive sphere of operation—possessing ample means of efficient influence—and evidencing a disposition to exert it as freely as she had received, her divine master said it is enough: she bowed in submission to his will, and in a few minutes entered the joy of her Lord. It may be truly said

“Many fall as sudden not as safe.”

The following are extracts from the journal of Miss B.

July 21st, 1822. Heard an excellent sermon from Hosea vi. 3, 4. in which it was shewn how we are to follow on to know the Lord. May he enable me to live continually by faith in him. I also went to see an aged person [the late Mrs. Wright of Chesterfield]: an Israelite indeed, blessing and praising her God, and rejoicing with a blooming hope of immortality; longing to depart and be with Christ, yet patiently waiting to be dismissed from her earthly tabernacle. O: may my last end be like hers.

July 22nd. Had a great cloud upon my mind, and

much reasoning; but, blessed be God! he heard and answered my prayer, and at night whilst Mr. H. was preaching it was removed, and I could rejoice in God as before, having a clear evidence of my sanctification. I went to see a young woman just on the border of another world, but happy in her Saviour. I was so affected with the joy of a believer ready to depart, that I longed to be gone and be with Jesus: nevertheless, Lord, not my will, but thine be done.

July 24th. Found meeting in class a great mean of renewing my spiritual strength. Though I am entirely sanctified from the carnal mind, I may continue to grow in grace, as there is much more to be attained, being yet far short of the measure and stature of a man in Christ. I am yet but as a babe. As a remedy against the temptation, that I shall lose my religion at a future period, I want a confident hope through grace, that I shall hold out, and at last receive my crown of glory.

The desire which she here expresses for a confident hope, through grace, that she should hold out, and at last receive a crown, was that which the apostle desired in behalf of the Hebrews, and to which he exhorted them as highly beneficial while enduring a great fight of affliction: he terms it the full assurance of hope unto the end. "*The full assurance of faith*, relates to present pardon; the *full assurance of hope*, to future glory. The former is the highest degree of *divine evidence* that God is reconciled to me in the son of his love: the latter is the same degree of *divine evidence* (wrought in the soul by the same immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost) of persevering grace, and of eternal

glory. So much, and no more, as *faith* every moment *beholds with open face*, so much does *hope see*, to all eternity. But this assurance of faith and hope, is not an opinion, not a bare construction of scripture, but is given immediately by the power of the Holy Ghost." Doubtless this is the privilege of the believer, and one to which many have attained. In one month, after the conviction expressed above, as will appear on the 23rd of August, we find her in possession of this blessing, saying, "I gladly take up my cross, and fight in *sure* and *certain* expectation of one day receiving my crown."

Some persons, who scripturally believe that every christian may grow in grace so long as he continues in *time*, have improperly objected to the doctrine of *entire sanctification* being the present privilege of believers, under the idea that it is the *height* of christian privilege and attainment in this world; and therefore, though desirable, that it can only be received by the christian when in dying circumstances. The reply to this opinion, which has been so frequently given by the advocates for the present privilege and enjoyment, 'that it does *not* imply an impossibility of further growth, but will admit of and promote it,' is fully corroborated by the testimony of Miss B. She says, 'though entirely sanctified from the carnal mind, I may continue to grow in grace—there is much more to be obtained—I am far short of the stature of a man in Christ—I am only a babe.' *Entire sanctification* no more implies, that in the moment it takes place, every grace of the Holy Spirit is matured, than the declaration that a certain garden in which vegetables have been

planted, is cleansed from every weed—would imply that every plant in that garden, consequently and immediately attains its full growth: the former is no more implied than the latter; and a belief of one, would be as absurd as the other. The opinion, that believers cannot live without sin in this world; frequently found in connexion with the former error, is tantamount to saying—believers cannot live prepared for heaven: and therefore, in some cases of their sudden death, survivors would have to sorrow as those without hope. No *lower* state of grace, than entire sanctification, can be equally favourable for attaining to a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. It is not necessary to ask whether plants grow more rapidly, *before* or *after* WEEDING.

July 26th. I felt much of the presence of God, and my soul more alive to her best interests. I have been much blessed in private. I find my soul prospers most when retired from the world, and only in the presence of God. On taking a survey of what God has done for me, I find great cause for gratitude. He now enables me to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin—from the remains of it.

“Blest be the day that I began
A pilgrim for to be.”

The parents of Miss B. had their attention directed at this time, to the distribution of *religious tracts*, and, pleased with the prospect of doing good amongst the scattered population in that neighbourhood, several of their children had their different districts for distri-

bution assigned them. Miss B. engaged in this work with a strong desire that God would be with her, enabling her to do the work allotted her in his vineyard—that good might be done to others, and the work of grace increase in her own soul. It is pleasing to witness the interest now evidenced by many young and pious females, in instructing the rising generation—promoting the object of bible societies—distributing tracts—reading to the poor—visiting them in their affliction, and ministering to their necessities. This indeed is

“Charity twice blessed;

It blesses him who gives, and him who takes.”

Doubtless a kind providence will testify its approval; yea, “blessed is the man that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble—will strengthen him on the bed of languishing, and make all his bed in his sickness.” Proceed ye messengers of truth, of peace, of mercy; and may your number increase, till ignorance and superstition—error and folly—vice and wretchedness, are banished from the earth, and angels look down from their bliss abodes, and behold a regenerated and happy world.

July 30th. Met in class for the *first* time at home, and spoke of enjoying the blessing of sanctification: by this means, I was strengthened in it. I want more of the love of Christ; more of the communicable fulness of God.

August 4th. I have been looking back to the time when I renounced satan and his service, and enlisted

under the banner of Christ, and commenced my christian warfare. Blessed be the Lord! though I find that I might grow more rapidly, I have inward peace and love and joy which passeth all understanding, except to such as possess it. I never shall have occasion to repent having sought entire sanctification so soon. The higher the state of grace in which we live, the more we glorify our God, which ought ever to be our end and aim.

August 6th. Found the class meeting this evening to be as the gate of heaven. I feel an earnest desire to be filled with those blissful streams which are ever flowing from the fountain of life. I desire that my peace may be as a river, and my righteousness as the waves of the sea. While I love him supremely, and live by faith on him, I find the clearest sense of sanctification. Blessed be God! my anchor is cast within the veil.

August 9th. I have this day had a cloud upon my mind, from an idea that I had sustained spiritual loss. Whether this be a temptation, or not, I cannot determine. On examination, I could not find that my conscience accused me in any thing. I was encouraged by those words "beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God." On opening my bible, these words caught my eye:—"Persecuted but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed."

August 13th. Much blessed at my class. I sensibly feel the work of grace deepening in my soul. I am fully determined to "deeper sink, and higher rise, and to perfection grow."

Bless the Lord! He lives and reigns in me without a rival. All pride, envy, hatred, self, and sin, are removed, and love to God and man possess my whole heart.

Miss B. profited exceedingly by meeting in class; a mean of grace highly calculated to promote personal piety—the prosperity of religious societies, and the glory of God, in demonstrating his providence and grace. The subject of this memoir was saved from that anti-christian selfishness manifested by some who say, “I should like to meet in class, if I might be permitted, to *hear* without being required to *speak*.” How surprising! What? I should like to—break the rule of Christ “whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them.” What? like to do that which, in proportion as it became general, would banish this expressive and beneficial mean of christian fellowship from earth, and soon confine it to the spirits of the just made perfect? so that were God to hearken he would not hear any mutual testimony borne on earth to his goodness and grace; nor have it to record in the book of remembrance—and the grossly wicked would be unable to discern between the merely moral, and the evangelical.

(August 15th. This has been a blessed day to me. How I have been strengthened in conversing with a friend on sanctification; and also in declaring it in a class to which I went. I feel rooted and grounded in love; my mind settled in God, and in a happy frame. Morning, evening, and noon-day; all the day through, and in the night season the love of God is continually in my thoughts. Worldly conversation in general

appears to me empty and trifling. All my heart seems above, for my treasure is there.

This day she wrote the following letter to Mrs. Unwin at Cromford:

My dear Mrs. Unwin,

I am much obliged to you for your kind concern respecting my spiritual welfare; but I have been so much engaged with temporal things, that I have neglected writing to you. Perhaps by my not writing, you may think that I have forgotten Cromford; but I assure you it is very different. I often look back with pleasure to the time, when in the back chamber, I received the pardon of my sins, and adoption into God's family, and my title to heaven: and also to the time when I received the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit.

Since I left you, I have had many deep waters of temptation to pass through; but, blessed be the Lord! he was my support, my strength, and tower. Once in particular, I was labouring under a temptation, that religion was not a reality, but only as some have asserted, a cunningly devised fable, and that my religion was an airy fabric which would fall to the ground. I struggled to suppress such thoughts, but finding it impossible, I lifted up my heart (which was like a clouded sky) in prayer to God, and he heard and answered my prayer; the temptation vanished like clouds, and left my mind quite calm. I received a great increase of peace and joy, and thought I could behold a starry crown prepared for me, (as Miss Fletcher speaks of a dream in which she saw a friend's

crown, and for every temptation she conquered—a gem was added; and that for every one to which she gave place—one dropped out) and I felt much consolation in believing a gem was added to my crown.

I do not repent of having sought entire sanctification so soon: O, no! the higher state of grace I attain, the nearer I live to God, which ought to be our only aim. I daily find that I may be growing in grace, attaining more holiness; as there are unfathomable depths of the love of God. O how I thirst to drink more and more of that stream which ever flows from the fountain of Jesus my Saviour, and to have more of his holiness. I find him ever present and precious. In him I am happy, unspeakably happy:

“His presence makes my paradise,
And where he is—is heaven.”

I am as clear in the enjoyment of entire sanctification, as when I first received it; and I feel a growth in grace, but am humbled because I do not make more rapid progress. What need I find for continual watchfulness and prayer. My love to Miss Ann W. and tell her I have been expecting a letter, as I long to hear how she has borne her severe trial. My respects to Miss G. and Miss W—i—e. I hope one or both of them, have by this time, made their peace with God. If not, how great will be their condemnation for having resisted the strivings of the Holy Spirit. My respects to Miss C. and my sincere love to you. I think I shall never have it in my power to repay your kindness to me. The only method I have of

showing my gratitude, is by putting in practice, and living up to those precepts and instructions which you gave me.

I remain

your's sincerely,

Mary Helen Bingham.

MAGUE LAKE,

August 15th, 1822.

August 20th. For the first time I felt confused this evening at the class meeting. I could not describe the state of my mind. I felt as if I had not power to say any thing, and concluded after saying very little. I think it was permitted to prevent me becoming proud of a flow of language which I usually have. I feel that I shall learn a lesson from it. I have yet much to learn. I have lately been much exercised with the idea that I have suffered spiritual loss. I think it is a temptation of Satan, to rob me of my peace. The Lord grant me wisdom that I may always be able to understand the devices of my adversary.

August 23rd. After being exercised with doubts, I found comfort, by believing and relying on my redeemer, and in considering the state of grace I now enjoy. Though saved from inward antagonists (inbred sins), I still have the common enemy of christians, to combat with. Can I expect to be exempt from trials, when the most holy christians have them? O, no! I gladly take up my cross, and fight in sure and certain expectation of one day wearing my crown.

August 25th. The temptation which followed me for several days—that I was not so acceptable to God

as before, and from which I could only get rest while in prayer, is removed; and I have now much peace and comfort after this trial of my faith and patience. I feel athirst; I drink, and yet am ever dry. Jesus is my all in all. He surrounds, sustains, and strengthens me. My spirit soars far above a state of justification, or sanctification. I bless God that I enjoy these, yet I cannot rest in present attainments.

August 27th. I have been particularly blessed at my class. Glory be to God, that I ever found the pearl of great price. All the treasure of the world is nothing compared to it; and happy is he that findeth it. I have left the dungeon—self, and live in the palace—Christ, by continual faith in him. How greatly I am blessed in private devotion. I feel that I am living under God's approving smile. I am unspeakably happy in my Saviour. How I rejoice in hearing that one who met in class with me at Cromford (a place endeared to my memory), has received the blessing of entire sanctification. Glory be to God.

August 30th. I have been much blessed in private prayer; more than I ever experienced before. I sensibly find a growth in grace. I am wholly and solely the Lord's, body, soul, and spirit; and his glory is my only end and aim. How he enlarges my views, and my holy joys. Whilst viewing the *scenery*, by *moon-light*, I turned my eyes the way to CROMFORD, and my thoughts directly flew there. *There* I found the pearl of great price. I not only went to school to acquire human knowledge, but I *there* entered the *school of Christ*, and he has taught me many lessons. I looked back to the time I first met in class, and

and I have this day again dedicated myself to him. "I from this moment, live or die to serve my God alone." Glory be to his name, I enjoy a never fading bliss, a constant happiness, and a joyful hope of one day seeing him in glory. In general, my thoughts are upon a happy eternity with my Jesus. If I behold the sky, it immediately occurs to my mind, that far above it, there is laid up for me that which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and far more than the heart can conceive.

"The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality."

Glory be to God! who gave his son to die *for me*; and he rose again for *my* justification, and is now making intercession for *me*, and will finally receive me to glory. I may well ask

"How can it be, thou heavenly king,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never fading crown?"

All earthly things have lost their charms to me. I only sojourn here. All my treasure is above: my heart is there. I would not part with my peace for all the treasures of earth. O, no! They will pass away as a dream; but mine will endure for ever. Glory be to God!

September 4th. Whilst the following words (addressed to penitents) were sung,

“Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
All heaven is ready to resound,
“The dead’s alive! the lost is found!”—

I seemed to enter into and participate the joy they feel in beholding penitents seeking the mercy of God. I was led to consider what *they* felt when *I* was pardoned; and also the happiness I then experienced; and while I seemed to hear them exclaim “the dead’s alive! the lost is found!” I was unspeakably happy. I think that I shall soon hear it said, “well done, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” I now feel on retiring to rest that if I were to die in the night, “I should soar away to visions of eternal day.” I feel ready to meet my Jesus, and to ascend with him to glory, never to quit my thrice happy abode. On opening my bible, I read, “for we know, if this earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

September 8th. Sunday. Praise the Lord! I have peace beyond expression; felt by those whose will is entirely lost in God’s will. My experience is like that of a person who at first stood in a plain, at the foot of a lofty mountain, at the top of which is something more valuable and more to be desired than life. He contemplates the first height or resting place, and then diligently exerts all his strength: and though the way

be narrow and rugged, he is comforted with the hope that he in time shall reach the top. After gaining the first stage, he looks upward, and by renewed effort rises to another, regarding it as his only care and business to gain stage after stage until he reaches the top. It is just so with me: the more I gain, the more ardently I aspire to higher blessings, striving to attain to the stature of a man in Christ. Sometimes when I think of my age (fourteen) I am ready to think that I shall not be credited when I speak my experience. Glory be to God! his spirit testifieth with mine that I am what I profess to be.

Miss B. once observed to a friend, that she sometimes felt a reluctance to state in class meeting the whole of what she had attained, lest some whose experience was much lower, should be led to question the truth of her statement, and make it an occasion for stumbling. This certainly was an error, whether the result of temptation or not. What can be more explicit than the declaration and command of our Saviour, "No man having lighted a candle putteth it under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father who is in heaven." But such a conduct withholdeth light from those who are in the house; light which might serve to convince them of their necessity and privilege; and stimulate them to a diligent and confident application to God, in the use of appointed means, for the same salvation. This conduct is also injurious to the individual. In proportion as it weakens their confidence in members

of Christ, it tends to lower their christian affection to, and spiritual communion with them; and as these are lowered and become restricted, a degree of selfishness and pride may more easily enter the soul, and absorb the joy of christian fellowship; producing a distaste for society, and a desire for the monastic cell, or the isolated hermitage. This is further injurious to the individual, as it may induce the class leader (who is ready to give unto each his portion of meat in due season), to set before him as his privilege, a blessing already in possession, instead of one still higher, by which he would be much more benefited. It is certainly *necessary—highly incumbent—and would prove extensively beneficial* to all who use that mean of grace, to be *frank, open, and definite* in the relation of their christian experience, evidencing a desire to know, enjoy, and be established in the truth and grace of the gospel in all their plenitude.

September 9th. This day I have received my ticket, and am now admitted into full connexion. What a glorious quarter this has been to me. What a blessed growth in grace I have experienced. May my increase every quarter be equal to this. May the Lord grant me many happy returns: but if it be his will to remove me home, all will be well with me. To me, creation seems to wear a new face: as all is peace within, all seems right without. I never viewed the wisdom and power of God in creation, as I ought, until I admired them in grace.

September 12th. I have been tempted to reason on the impossibility of the resurrection of the body: how dust mouldered for centuries, could live again.

Glory be to God ! I foiled the tempter, believing that "with God all things are possible." Had I credited the temptation, I soon should have become an infidel.

September 15th. O that I had language to express the state of my mind this day. I feel ready to depart and be with Jesus. Had I the wings of a dove, I would flee away and be at rest. My body, and all earthly things, appear to be a clog to me. I long to depart and be with Jesus, which would be far better. What a glorious death I should die, having a blooming hope, full of immortality; knowing that when Christ who is my life, shall appear in glory, I shall appear with him. If desires, wishes, longings, and prayers, would take me there, I should soon have done with terrestrial things: but the Lord's time is my time, and I patiently wait my dismissal to glory, for he knows best when to take his servants home. He takes some almost as soon as they have entered upon his service; and others, he removes to glory, after a life of sixty or seventy years of devotedness to him.

"I long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The king in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love.

I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus has fix'd his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!"

“With him I on Sion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word.” &c.

September 18th. Glory be to thee my God for the unspeakable enjoyment I have had to day. I feel that I am moving in a sphere near my God, enjoying foretastes of paradise. I have sweet union with my God all the day through. My heart is his; his love is mine. I am his adopted child. I am unutterably full of glory and of God.

September 24th. I found by waiting upon God that my spiritual strength was renewed. I never attend my class without being blessed. Nothing remarkable seems to occur to me. I feel one continued peace from, and reliance upon my Redeemer, and union with the triune God:—a fitness for life, and a readiness for death. I cannot describe my blessedness. The praise of my God is my constant theme.

“Let this my every hour employ,
’Till I with joy thy face shall see;
Enter into my master’s joy,
And all eternity employ,
In praise, and ecstasy, and love.”

September 27th. Had my mind much enlightened and comforted by reading an explanation of the following passage: “Rejoice evermore—pray without ceasing—in every thing give thanks, for this is the will of God concerning you in Christ Jesus.” Glory be to God! that ever I was enabled to fulfil those injunctions. With what pleasure I anticipate the

privilege of rejoicing through a blessed eternity. Glory! Glory! Happy, happy, are the faithful followers of Christ, who are truly crucified to the world. They will have an incorruptible and undefiled crown of glory.. O that I had a trumpet voice, to call upon all backsliders and luke-warm professors, to press forward in pursuit of holiness. I long to behold many more enjoying it. May I still give all diligence, and be ready when called for, to triumph over death, the grave, and hell, with my redeemer for ever.

September 29th. This day I feel sensible of a growth in holiness. When I retire in private, and bow before the Lord, and close my eyes and heart to all worldly things, it is then in particular, that I enjoy celestial peace, and have transporting views of glory; appearing to myself less than the least of all saints. But the love of God to me, and the wonders he has wrought in me, fill me with love to him. I can say, "the life which I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." How rapturous the thoughts of death and glory, to one who is ready to meet them. There is only death between me and glory; and then I shall be for ever with the Lord; devoted to him, and continually praising him through all eternity. O! my Jesus, my all in all, thou hast declared that thou art gone to prepare a mansion for me, and that where thou art I shall be. May I cleave closer to thee, and be hidden in thee.

"For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side,
'Tis all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died."

I feel more rooted, and grounded, and established. The doubts which I used to feel, are removed, and I now go on my way rejoicing, in *sure* and *certain hope* of gaining the celestial haven. Of all books, I most esteem my Bible, and Hymn book, and a treatise on Christian perfection.

October 1st. Glory be to God for keeping me with my face zion-ward. O the happiness I have this night felt at my class. I could scarcely refrain from giving vent to my feelings aloud: my Jesus is so precious to me. I have this day rather felt a desire, if it were the will of God, to live a few years on earth, that I might glorify my Redeemer, and at last receive a brighter crown. But I commit my body and soul into his hands saying, "not my will, but thine be done." I am not mine, but thine; bought with thy precious blood: take me to thyself when thou seest good. My chief desire, next to my own salvation, is to see my dear parents and brother step into the glorious liberty of a full salvation. Lord grant they may speedily.

October 3rd. I find religion the "*one thing needful*," especially when labouring under a *depression of spirits*, occasioned by the indisposition of my poor body: but when nothing earthly can raise them, my Jesus comforts me, and all is happiness, and peace, and love. The enemy has been endeavouring to distract my mind when in the means of grace; availing himself of certain occurrences to divert my mind from its great object. I am fully determined, through grace, to fight manfully and come off conqueror. I have this day had a most violent and sudden temptation presented to my mind: viz. 'canst thou this moment say, that

thou art entirely sanctified! Hitherto shalt thou go, but no further.' I found no weapon so effectually repel the tempter as "*all prayer*." In the use of this, I found strength to conquer.

October 6th. Sunday. This day all seems gloomy without; but I have my Jesus, and he makes a constant paradise in my heart. I rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. I am like a mariner on the tempestuous ocean; though all around him is rough, he appears not to regard it, but steers away, and all his thoughts are upon the haven, where he desires to land, the rest he will have from his toil, and the happiness which he then will enjoy. I seem to cast the thought of all worldly things aside: my mind is fixed upon my great reward, reserved in heaven, for which I long; and I am giving diligence to reach that place "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." I want to see my God face to face: to bask in the rays of uncreated bliss—to cast my crown before him, lost in wonder and love; and in ecstatic raptures to sing the praises of the great Three-one through all eternity. I cannot describe the nature of my happy union with the Trinity. Glory be to God! I can look to him in *full assurance* that he will bring me to the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the church of the first-born, to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to my Jesus, by whose cross and thorn, I shall for ever reign with him.

October, 8th. Found it good to wait upon the Lord in my class. I feel that I am growing in grace. I have a cross to bear, and I expect to have it daily, for

some months. O my God do thou give me grace to bear it to thy glory. Thou only knowest what will be best for me. The cross bearer, shall be a crown wearer. O my Jesus support me in life; and in death receive me to thy bosom, that I may find my long sought rest. When thou seest good, take thy young but weary pilgrim home to glory.

October 11th. Felt such a blessed preparedness for death, and such a triumph over hell and sin, that I was constrained to exclaim, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"—Now let me die my Jesus—if it be thy will, take me, receive my spirit.

October 13th. Sunday. O bless the Lord my enraptured soul; praise his holy name. I find, on examination, that I am pressing towards the mark for the prize of my high calling: holding sweet converse with my God, and enjoying his favour, which makes me richer than all the monarchs of this world. My heaven-born soul can look with disdain on all their wealth and titles; and can say to all sublunary things, empty, vain, and worthless are ye all. Glory be to God! I can say to all their delusive charms, "tempt as ye will, my soul repels, to Christ alone resolved to live." My spirit soars above them, and enjoys a paradise in the love of Jesus. I cannot express how endearing to me are the forms which my Saviour wears. He is my prophet, priest, and king. O my Jesus, thou didst die for me. When my spirit leaves this cumbrous clay, then will I render to thee a ceaseless song of praise. O my God! what shall I do to praise thee? The deeper I sink, the higher I rise. May I be enabled to steer a happy course on the ocean of grace, through its

depths (not its shallows), till I land on that shore where faith shall end in sight. O, thou universal king of glory ! now descend and take thy bride.

How consonant the sentiments expressed on the last date, with those of Dr. Watts.

“ Heaven is my home, and I must use my wings ;

Sublime above the globe my flight aspires :

I have a soul was made to pity kings,

And all their little glittering things ;

I have a soul possessing infinite desires.

I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love ;

Yes he, my God shall fill my vast desire.

My flesh below ; yet I can live above,

And nearer to my Saviour move ;

There all my soul shall centre, all my pow'rs conspire.

Thus I with angels live ; thus half divine

I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys :

Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,

His glory is my great design,

That everlasting project all my thoughts employs.”

October 15th. I have been most abundantly blessed at my class this night. Glory be to God. My soul is prospering : but, O merciful Father ! carry on thy work more rapidly, and enable me more speedily to perfect holiness ; and as I approach nearer to the celestial kingdom, grant that my prospects may brighten for glory. How amazingly swift, days and months are passing away. Another day is gone, and

has borne its record. Time is carrying me through this vain and transitory world, which sits loose on my affections; but passes on sweetly, as my Jesus makes all pleasant to me. What shall I enjoy in eternity? When I think of this, I am lost in amazement.

October 20th. Though satan assails me in various ways, he has no power over me: through Christ I am the victor. Worldly things have not the smallest place in my heart. Christ has my whole heart. I have happiness which no pangs of conscience alloy. Were I certain of death this moment, I could say with saint Paul, "I have fought a good fight, &c." O what I feel when I think of the flight of my soul to paradise: borne on angels' wings, through the yielding ether, to the pearly gates of the heavenly Jerusalem: admitted to the presence of my Redeemer; and joyfully conducted amidst the exultations of legions of angels and archangels, to the throne of Jesus, and hear him say "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." What the employment there will be, during endless ages, I must leave to those celestial spirits who dwell there.

October 23rd. Happy! Happy! O my Jesus, how precious art thou to me: but what shall I feel when, in that blissful region, I recline on thee my weary head; when all the toils of life will be over. How much I am like a poor traveller, who looks forward with joy to the end of his journey, earnestly desiring to reach it. How my longing soul pants for her rest. O come my Redeemer! Come quickly, and dissolve the invisible ties, and bid my spirit soar with thee. But I calmly say, not my time, but thine.

Those who please, may deny the possibility of attaining full salvation here; but, glory be to God, his spirit witnesseth with mine, that I enjoy it day and night.

By *full* salvation, Miss B. meant that state in which the heart is cleansed from all evil, and is *filled* with the influences of the Holy Spirit, rendering it equal to all gospel precepts—natural evils—worldly allurements—and satanic suggestions. It appears from the last entry, that she knew some persons denied the possibility of attaining this salvation. Probably she was also aware that some who had indulged the hope of attaining it, but had experienced repeated failure, were involved in doubt: and perhaps, found that others, who were unwilling to make the sacrifices and exertions required, were ready to cavil with those who professed it; and assume at least an appearance of satisfaction, if not of pleasure, when these professions were tried, by the individual being sifted as wheat. We might almost tremble with astonishment, at the *folly* of those persons, who, while indulging in self-complacency, from an idea of their superior information and sobriety of judgment, so readily become the *sieve* of the *adversary*, for *shaking*, instead of their endeavouring to *confirm* and *build up* in the faith, those who have recently received the salvation of God. How injurious also might be the consequences to those thus tried, especially if young converts, were it not that the wisdom of God is infinite, his power almighty, and the tenderness of his boundless love, such as to induce him to carry the lambs in his bosom. Doubtless, if Miss B. had been annoyed with the cavils, or doubts, or scepticism of professors, they would have been a

trial, as she would have been put on the defensive, and had to occupy time which she perhaps would consider as lost; or which would have been more profitably employed, had it been devoted to prayer, or praise, or prompting each other to love and good works. But she was not *a broken reed*, nor *a tree without root*: the wind of opposition would have found her *rooted* and *grounded*, and its action would have caused her to strike deeper in the heavenly soil, for increasing stability, from which she would have obtained additional nutriment, and rose the higher as a tree of righteousness, the planting of the Lord. With the bible in her hand, asserting a full salvation to be the privilege of believers; and containing God's pledge to give it to them; she could have said *this is my charter—here will I hold*: and with the grace of full salvation in her heart, exclaim "God hath performed the mercy promised to our fathers, remembering his holy covenant, delivering me out of the hands of all my enemies, that I might serve him without fear, in righteousness and true holiness, all the days of my life."

How conducive is christian *simplicity* to spiritual progress and corresponding enjoyment. If, in reference to spiritual attainments, there were *simplicity* in the *minds* of professors, corresponding with that which appears in God's *method* of salvation, then, instead of small consolation, or being parched with drought, they would find that the grace of God would have free course through their affections, conveying, continuing, and increasing their light, vigour, purity, and consolation. It is declared "*Salvation is of the LORD—He*

that believeth shall be saved." How graciously—how gloriously simple! The servants of Naaman said to him, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith unto thee, Wash and be clean?" Many doubt the efficiency of simple faith, and are willing to do *great things* in order to attain entire holiness. They become increasingly diligent and fervent in the means of grace, and abound in works of piety; but, neglecting in these, the acquisition and exercise of simple mighty faith in Jesus Christ, for the salvation desired, have (notwithstanding the evidence of their increased exertions) found themselves in a labyrinth; and how near soever they appear to approach their object, are still bewildered and foiled: and thus experiencing disappointment, they cease from effort at the suggestion of fear, or doubt, or unbelief, (their inbred foes), who are never in haste to die. Success would soon have crowned their efforts, if, keeping the eye of their soul fixed on their avowed object, they had used the means of grace to strengthen them in their walk of faith, until they acquired vigour to run to their mark, or soar above the clouds, the region of fear and doubt, on faith's strong eagle pinion, and approach so near to the Sun of Righteousness, as to see him as he is, through the pure medium of his own word, perceiving the infinite love of the Father—the all-availing merit of the Son (for *full* salvation as well as past transgression)—and the omnipotent energy of the Holy Ghost; and by one *believing look*, one act of mighty faith, become like him; changed into his image, from glory to glory, conscious that

they then entirely put off the old man, and put on the new, and are created anew in righteousness and true holiness.

Probably, hesitancy, in reference to believing for *full* salvation, is frequently felt and indulged, from recollections of the difficulty experienced in believing for justification, a *lower* blessing, and which they conclude required *less* faith than is now found necessary. It was intimated, page 42, that entire sanctification was not only equally our privilege, with justification, but that it might be as easily realized. The penitent, who had a correct, a gospel view of his sins and deserts, could not realize the promised pardon until he gave credence to the *infinite merit* of the ATONEMENT, and the *infinite mercy* of God. The atonement is equally the foundation of faith, for entire inward holiness: and the truth of God, in regard to his promise, being admitted in this as in the former case, the individual has now to believe that God is omnipotent; consequently as able to sanctify entirely, as he, having infinite mercy, was willing to pardon. Where this preparedness of mind exists, the individual has then to make a proper application for the grace of faith to that God who, strictly speaking, knows nothing of making a little, or great effort; his will having omnipotent energy; and by a simple exercise of that will, a divine influence will flow in upon the understanding, affections, and will of the applicant, producing the grace of faith. This will enable him not only to comprehend, approve, and make choice of the salvation offered in the way proposed by God, but to draw near to God, and take him at his word, in confidence of immediately realizing

the blessing for which he believes : then his faith will be instantly honoured by the fire of divine love descending upon the soul, and consuming every thing contrary to itself, and continuing to burn upon the altar of the heart, an unmingled, transparent flame to the glory of God.

It is admitted that *prior* to the possession and exercise of faith, nothing appears so difficult to be attained and exercised ; but it is also true, that immediately *after* the act of believing has brought salvation, nothing appears to be so simple, and easy, and efficient, as faith : for we then find that the mountain difficulty, which in the absence of faith, appeared insurmountable, sinks at its base, as faith flows into the soul, and before our ZERUBBABEL, becomes a plain. Therefore, instead of strengthening doubt, or perpetuating hesitancy, from considerations of past difficulties, or the present weakness of our faith ; we ought rather to strengthen our faith ; to encourage ourselves in God ; and stimulate ourselves to the act of believing ; recollecting *the former efficiency of our faith*, which invariably put us in possession of all for which we believed.

The *privileges* set before us in the gospel, as the will of God concerning us, are a *pledge* ; and *desire* for them is an *evidence* of the willingness of God to give an efficient plenitude of faith, by which we should be enabled to realize the whole of our privileges, and live in the observance of all his precepts. It cannot be otherwise, for God is righteous. As God, by his requisitions, and the atonement, evidences a desire to raise man to a state of salvation ; and to reap that

obedience from him which will be to the praise of God's glory; he will not, he cannot withhold, but will liberally sow the seed of grace, and bless the soul devoted to his service with all those benign and fructifying influences necessary to enable it to bring forth fruit unto perfection. Therefore if any man lack faith, let him ask of God, who giveth bountifully, and upbraideth not.

October 24th. I have this day had to pass through a severe trial. In one of my happy moments, I lifted up my heart to God, beseeching him to direct me to a portion of his word which would be profitable. I was directed to the tenth chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, which I read without any particular impression, until I came to the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh verses.—“For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise; for yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry.” I saw that I had been doing the will of God, and that Christ would soon come to me; and I was greatly blessed.

“PATIENCE and FAITH, hold out a little more;

Your work will be accomplish'd speedily.

But a few moments, and these sighs, and groans,
Shall be exchange'd for everlasting songs.

But a few rugged steps, and then shall end
The tiresome journey of mortality.

One effort more, and I shall gain the top

Of zion's mount, and from the eternal hills

Look back on all the dangers I escaped:

In my rough travels through the wilderness.”

October 27th. O all ye earthly beauties, with all your created varieties! how gladly could I leave you. Ye are as nothing to me, only, as I behold in you the wondrous skill and power of God. My happy soul towers above you. The eternal supreme is my father—angels are my guards—and I am a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. All my foretastes of bliss leave me thirsting for more. They leave a vacuum which will never be filled until I drink at the fountain head. I ask to see the rising sun no more. To mortals, and their hopes, I bid adieu. I ask to see thy face O God. *How amazingly plain is gospel salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.* I have more enjoyment in this life, than all Peru's mines can afford: and what a glorious prospect of endless happiness after death. I consider DEATH as no other than the call of him, whom I love supremely, saying, "rise my love and come away." O that I could hear that blessed word.

October 29th. How happy am I! My happiness appears to increase daily. I run and am not weary: I walk and am not faint: I mount, as it were, on the wings of an eagle. Nature's ties seem dissolved, and I want to go. O that promise, "he will come and will not tarry." Lord I will wait until thou callest me. I find that my growth in grace does not render it less necessary for me to watch. But as long as I see the necessity of watching unto prayer, and am faithful to the Spirit's teaching, relying on Christ, all is safe; none can pluck me from his hands.

November 3rd. Whilst reading a memoir of Mrs. Rogers, yesterday, I was much affected with the account given of the fulness of enjoyment which she

experienced. I am gradually sinking deeper every day, but I am fully resolved to make greater effort. I am constantly fed with manna from above—with the spiritual food of angels, which is the enjoyment of God. When I tell my God that I am weary of this world, and want to leave it, he tells me, that he will soon come, and put an end to all my breathings, and longings, and I shall soon behold his face in paradise.

“I will my time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain top.

To gather home his own
God will his angels send,
And bid my bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.”

I felt this afternoon such a sinking into my own nothingness; such humbling views while considering what I might enjoy, and contrasting it with my present attainments. I earnestly entreated my heavenly father to fill me. These words were then applied to my mind; “if thou canst believe, all things are possible.” I cried, “Lord, I do believe;” and immediately had these words applied, “be it according to thy faith.” I felt unutterable pleasure, and had delightful views of the glories of heaven—of its joys—and of my union with the triune God.

November 11th. We have been committing the mortal remains of an aunt to its parent earth. She

recently visited us for a change of air; but after her return, became worse. On the borders of eternity she expressed entire resignation; freely giving up her little infant, husband, and mother. She was affected with her state as a sinner, but had a comfortable hope that the Lord would prepare her for the change, before he removed her. I have no doubt of her happiness. What solemnity attends the death of a near relative, while we view their remains, and consider, *we too must die*. This *stroke* seems not to rouse my aged grandmother, who still neglects the one thing needful. The Lord gives us repeated warnings, and cries by his ministers "why will ye die."

Miss B. felt and evidenced great solicitude for the spiritual interests of her aged grandmother, and perseveringly endeavoured, both by letters and conversation, to prompt her to seek the converting grace of God. She rejoiced at the appearance of any degree of spiritual concern, and indulged an hope that her desire would be fulfilled. Miss B. might reasonably have supposed that her aged relative was nearer the grave than herself; but it was well for her that she was not regardless of her own personal salvation, while thus caring for her relative; as the *scion* was introduced into *eternity*, whilst the *stem*, the *root*, was *continued in time*. The health of Miss B. at this time began to fail, and in a few days she was seriously indisposed: an inflammation of the lungs took place, and though she soon appeared convalescent, it was only to droop again; the stamina struggled with disease for two or three years, until exhausted by repeated conflicts, the latter conquered, and secured a triumph for death.

Why am I thus afflicted? is a question more frequently proposed by the young, in a tone of complaint, impeaching the *justice of providence*, than to become acquainted with, and to enter into its wise design. Some are as dissatisfied and impatient under the corrective controul of their heavenly, as of their earthly parent. Slight indispositions, which check their career in the flowery paths of youth, as a gate, which, while locked, allows not another step forward, (yet admits the view of more delightful scenes beyond it) are regarded as evils, the removal of which is *anxiously sought*, or *arrogantly demanded*; instead of being considered *favourable*, in affording opportunity to pause, to reflect, to examine themselves—their paths, objects, motives, means, and prospects of success. YOUTH should recollect that in reference to *life*, and *health*, they are on *sufferance*; and cannot plead their *right* to advance another step—to live another moment. How justly might providence plant an impassable and impervious hedge, where it has only placed a gate; and turn back the murmuring, declaring, “hitherto thou mayest go, but no further: dust thou art; and unto dust thou shalt return.” It may well be asked

“Is heaven unkind to man, to man alone?

Shall he alone whom rational we call,

Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?”—

“Wherefore does a *living* man complain?” Rather let such evidence the wisdom that “hears the rod, and him that appointed it.” “It is good for a man to bear the yoke of affliction in his youth.”

Miss B. did *not despise* the chastening of the Lord ; but *received it* : she did *not murmur* at it, nor *faint* under it, but *endured it* ; cheerfully submitting to the painful, though wholesome discipline of affliction. She writes

November 16th. I have felt my health considerably worse, during the past week. A medical gentleman has been called in ; he says my disorder is an inflammation of the lungs, but he hopes soon to restore me. I feel resigned to death : I long to go to my Redeemer. He supports and comforts me in all my pain. I have no doubt or temptation : all is happiness. I see my parents do not fully give me up ; but glory be to God I can give up them. I lay, and heaven with its glory seems opened to my sight : but I believe the strong ardent prayers of my dear parents, for my recovery, hold my soul in its frail tabernacle.

November 30th. I am recovering from my illness ; but a presentiment continually follows me, that I shall relapse again, and finish my course. I have joyfully endeavoured to *do* the will of God, in *health* : and now, in *affliction* I joyfully *suffer it*. When I have *done* and *suffered* I shall be meet for glory. O my dear Redeemer

“Steadfast let me cleave to thee ;
Love, the mystic union be ;
Union to the world unknown,
Join'd to God in spirit one :
May I wait till thou shalt come,
Till the lamb shall take me home,
For his heaven the bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.”

December 8th. In the beginning of last month, I was very much comforted with these words, "for both he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are all of one, for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Heb. ii. 11. What a view I had of the infinite condescension of God; and when I considered this condescension to me, a sinner, unworthy dust, I was astonished, and felt inexpressible delight. But to day I seem to be under a cloud. Sometimes, I am near sinking under an apprehension that I have lost grace. My bodily weakness is considerable; but I find relief in prayer. But when I again quit my closet, the thought returns with redoubled violence, so that my evidence of acceptance seems almost gone. I want to conquer by grace, and be more abundantly filled with the Holy Spirit: but the conflict is strong: yet I feel hope springing up within me. Something seems to say, the Most High will appear in my behalf. Yea Lord, I will, I do believe that thou wilt undertake for me. Glory be to thee! I do conquer: I feel my doubts vanishing before thee, and my evidence brightening. Glory be to thee my God! by thy grace I am the victor. I feel thy sacred awe of love. How insatiable are my desires. O for more of thy presence and fulness. When I view the days which are past, I seem a loiterer, a great loiterer. I want to make more speed in my christian race. I sigh for the coming of my Redeemer. How true is that scripture, "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." My heart is fixed on thee: I long to be with thee in heaven. Hasten the happy period! but patience bids me calmly wait.

December 15th. This has been a week of heaviness, and temptation—of blessings and comforts. Last Tuesday I again met in class, the first time, since the twenty-ninth of October. One night last week, it was suggested to me that I should fall, and was now falling. I entreated the Lord to direct me to a place in the testament that would enable me to believe that I should stand fast to the end. I opened the book and read, first epistle of Peter, first chapter, to the ninth verse: then I closed the book, full of thankfulness to my God, who had, as it were, spoken to me, and told me what glories were laid up for me, though in heaviness through manifold temptations, which were allowed for the trial of my faith. This day, I am happy in God; conscious that I am his, that he surrounds me, and that I live and breathe in him.

“My real life, with Christ conceal’d,
 Deep in the Father’s bosom lies:
 And glorious as my Head reveal’d,
 I soon shall meet him in the skies.”

December 22nd. The Lord is again raising me up from my affliction, and increasing my spiritual and bodily strength. He is enlarging my views, and leading me forward in the highway of holiness. I behold him by faith, as in a glass, and see much of his mind, to which I have not yet attained. I was blessed this morning, in meditating on these words, “*We walk by faith, not by sight. Blessed are they who have not seen, yet have believed. Whom having not seen, ye love; and in whom, though now ye see him*

not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." How I rejoice in my great Creator and Redeemer, whom I love, but have only seen by the eye of faith. I feel unspeakable joy in the prospect that when death shall strike (which may be soon), I shall gaze on my Saviour's perfections to all eternity.

"Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love."

No mortal can describe the full value of religion. How I now reap the benefit of seeking the Lord in my youth. O that I had sought him sooner! Religion makes me truly happy *now*; and, if I live to years of maturity, my God will support me with his rod and staff, as I pass through life. While suffering bodily pain, the Lord puts around and underneath me, his everlasting arms. When Death seems near, I smile at him, and say

"Come, Death, shake hands: I'll kiss thy bands:
'Tis happiness for me to die."

Though I *sowed* in tears of repentance, for a few weeks, I now *reap* months of happiness, and in another world, shall enjoy ages of eternal felicity. I seem to be on the delectable mountains, having a glimpse of the glory of celestial things. Haste, happy day! when I shall fully behold and enjoy. I see a glory, and find a mystery in the divine perfections. I now find it most profitable to my soul, to confine my

reading to the holy bible—my hymn book—pious memoirs—and a few select books; and never to enter into nice discussions of doctrinal points, &c. but simply to press forward, looking to Jesus, and the recompence of reward.

The following ode was written by Miss B. on Christmas day.

A CHRISTMAS ODE.

Aid me my muse! all mortals join!
 And vie with angel powers:
 "Peace, and good-will to men," *their* theme:—
 Redeeming love—be *ours*.
 From Heav'n, the lowly Jesus came,
 To save our ruin'd race:
 He left his high celestial throne,
 (So infinite his grace),
 And was in BETHLEHEM born.

All hail! to THEE, thou lovely child,
 In a rude manger laid;
 Great *David's* SON!—his *sov'reign* LORD!
 By *whom* the WORLDS were made:
 Although no pageantry of state
 Surrounds thy infant bed;
 Thy birth by angels was announç'd;
 A star the sages led,
 Thy humble form to view.

Thy birth! none deem a festival;
 No earthly minstrels sing;
 Yet angels strike their golden harps,
 And guard (unseen) their king.
 While at thy feet the SAGES pour
 Myrrh, frankincense, and gold;
 Emblems of what thy people pay,
 In prayer, and praise untold,
 To thee, REDEEMER!—LORD!

Though thy reputed parents seem
 Of low or obscure birth;
 Th' ETERNAL GOD thy *Father* is,
 And thou the LORD of *earth*.
 Ere matter was produc'd, and while
 Wrapt in chaotic night,
 Thou wast, and didst in glory shine,
 ETERNAL! INFINITE!
 By *seraphim* ador'd!

Enable us to tune our hearts
 To thy eternal praise:
 Let *gratitude* to thee, exceed
 The anthems which we raise:
 Until we join th' *angelic* throng,
 And bow before thy throne:
 There (SAV'D BY GRACE) *their strains exceed*,
 Although our theme be one,
 The *world's* REDEEMER's *praise*!

Mary Helen Bingham.

Composed, December 25th,
 In the afternoon.

December 28th. This day my mind seems very full of important and glorious matter for meditation: the mediation of Christ—the blessings believers enjoy—the glory that will be revealed to them—the sublime and awful transactions of that day, when the heavens shall pass away as a scroll, and the earth and all things therein be destroyed. Then the righteous

“Will stand unmov’d amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world;”

and hear the judge say “Come ye blessed of my father, &c.” What a glorious day to saints; their “light afflictions having worked out for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” Their persecutors will in vain desire to be numbered with them; but alas, then their day of grace will be for ever lost. I still have abundant cause for humiliation. At best, I am but an unprofitable servant. I am nothing but unworthy dust and ashes. But Christ’s strength is made perfect in my weakness. The more I discover of human frailty, and insufficiency; the more I perceive the power of grace, and the glory of God.

December 31st. I am brought to see the conclusion of a memorable year of my life. I have this year obtained a *saving* knowledge of God, and have been “*born again*.” If spared to see the return of *that day*, what thankfulness will fill my heart, that one year, out of nearly fifteen, has been devoted to the Lord. I feel determined, through grace, if the new year dawn upon me, to devote myself more fully to God, and endeavour to keep to the following rules:—

First—To be more earnest in private prayer, and not to rise satisfied with making my request, until I obtain either the blessing, or a promise. *Secondly*—Daily to search the scriptures more fully, and always, on leaving my closet, to select one or more verses, which have been made a blessing to me, to meditate upon, when my hands are occupied in domestic pursuits. *Thirdly*—To give evidence of increasing effort, to adorn in all things my profession, by outward holiness. *Lastly*—Above all things, to have my mind more stayed upon God, and realize a greater increase of grace.

Thus closed with Miss B. the eventful and interesting year of 1822. How different her views, experiences, and prospects, to what they were at the commencement of the year. The expansion and illumination of mind—the decision in principle and pursuit—the fervour and ardour of zeal—the strong and towering flame of love to God—the panting longing for the beatific vision—and joyous readiness to be absorbed in God, which, in the course of a few months, she acquired and evidenced—surround, with an interesting, a sacred halo, the character of this juvenile saint of the Most High.

There is reason to fear, that some young persons who were equally enlightened, and possessed as much of the fear of God, in the commencement of the year, as the subject of this memoir, did not evince in the course of the year, nor find at the close of it, that they had realized equal piety, and spiritual enjoyment.

But is there one such individual who has less interest at stake, than Miss B.? Assuredly not: as

there is no reason to suppose that one human soul is of less value than another: nor one, but what exceeds the value of this globe of earth, and all the treasure it contains; yea, and of all those myriads of luminous globes, by which *this* is surrounded. Those, therefore, who perceive the necessity of abstraction of mind from worldly frivolities; and of salvation from excessive attachment to things which are only lawful and expedient in reference to time, and who lack a determining and powerful stimulus to effort, for securing "*the one thing needful*," would do well to direct their attention to, and dwell upon the awful question, "*what would it profit a man, were he to gain the whole world; and lose his own soul? and what shall a man take in exchange for his soul?*" or *what shall he give in exchange for it, after he has lost it?* What indeed! when the only price by which it could have been redeemed, is not in his power, and has for ever ceased to be offered. Why then *this apathy* in those young persons who are convinced of the absolute necessity of pardon and holiness—of the brevity and uncertainty of life? or, why are their efforts so feeble, or so irregular, or so rare; allowing such intervals between them, that the effect produced by the former is lost ere they make the latter? How! with their susceptibilities and plastic affections, can such deprive themselves of the direct and exhilarating consolations of religion, offered by him, whose "mercy's beams diffusive as the sun's arise?" How continue in dead works—works which are the death of that low degree of comfort occasionally given to them as encouragement, to seek the Lord?—works which prove that they continue dead

in sin?—works for which they deserve to die; and which prove they are still under sentence of death? How necessary for such to awake and to shake themselves from the dust, “and starting, cry from ruin’s brink—save Jesus! or I yield, I sink, O save me or I die!”

It would seem as if Miss B. early in the year, had taken for her motto

“No room for mirth or trifling here.”

But is there not cause to regret that some young persons, the devotees of pleasure, commenced, and passed through, and closed the year with a sentiment from another poet, as their motto, viz.

“No room is left for death.”

In reference to these, each succeeding month has unfolded a character increasingly carnal—a merely animal man—or, ‘Centaur not fabulous.’ If the existence of things unseen are at all credited by them, they make it too apparent, that they are not in the least influenced by their interesting—momentous—and eternal importance. Every sense they possess is alive and awake to the pleasures of the world. Whenever these exert their fascinating influence on their votaries, such eagerly enter within the sphere of their influence, and cheerfully submit to their irrational, precipitate, and destructive whirl. If the SYREN spread for them a bed of roses, they will not suspect the possibility, nor admit the probability of a single thorn: and are ever

willing to be bound, if silken cords may be employed. They pass the threshold of life's theatre on tip-toe, more in the pursuit of *pleasure* than of *fame*. Delighted with, though dazzled by, the illusive *ignis-fatuus*; regardless of mentorian counsel, and uninstructed by their own painful experience, they pursue the fugitive shadow, anticipating prompt possession, and full fruition of perennial bliss. The minds of some appear so constituted; or the *habits* acquired so strong, that disappointment fails to annihilate desire—to repress their hope—and to retard the renewal of their effort for worldly enjoyment, if this shadow of a shade, but flit before them. Again and again they prove, that “*they are walking in a vain shew, and are disquieting themselves in vain,*” while

“They seek the cruel something unpossessed.”

Miss B. commenced the new year with unabated ardour, as will appear in the following extract from her journal:

January 1st. 1823. I have now entered on another year. May my spiritual improvement keep pace with my years. Through grace, I renew my former covenant, of being the Lord's for ever: and if many returns are granted me, may the *old year*, on reflection, always afford the same solid satisfaction as *my last*, and the *new* produce increased determination and efforts to be more fully the Lord's. But I ask not long life: O; no! rather an early death. I live by the moment, and that moment in God, not desiring another. Perhaps my *longing* for death, may to some appear

impatience: but this is not the case, far from it. The increasing preciousness of Jesus to my soul, and the enlarging views which I have of heavenly felicity, produce a strong desire to possess it: and the world appearing to me so transitory and perishing, I feel increasing desire to quit it; yet live my time in it, having a joyful assurance of deliverance. I am like a person who has been born in a prison, and always lived in it, but to whom some kind benefactor (whom he has not seen) has promised liberty and wealth, at a future period. He longs for the time when he shall enjoy the promised blessings—see his benefactor face to face—and tender him his thanks. In the mean time, such is his respect for his friend, that he will not *murmur* at any *delay*, but *cheerfully* spend his time, anticipating the happy day, not more to enjoy liberty and wealth, than to *express* his gratitude, the overflowing of a grateful heart, for release from confinement and suffering, and to evidence it, by rendering all possible service. This *spiritualized*, is exactly my state: and what candid person can *blame* my ardent wishes for a *far more glorious deliverance*?

January 8th. This day, the snow being melted, I took a walk in the fields. What beauties I found in the handiworks of the great Creator. The beauty, regularity, and nicety, apparent in the formation of the naked sprays; together with the embryo buds, arrested my attention: also the trunks of the trees, which were adorned with lichen and moss. The branches too, which had been lopped off were in full vigour, and left on the ground, when most beautifully spangled by the sap forcing itself through the pores of

the bark, appearing of orange, brown, and pink hues. What an interesting part of creation frequently remains unnoticed by those who do not consider whose workmanship it is. This has been a profitable day to me. I have learned some new lessons: the Lord help me to profit by them. I perceive a danger of judging carnal persons' hearts by some particular actions of their life, when we do not know their thoughts or motives. I also want to notice, more particularly, every interposition of providence in little things, and to trace his finger daily. The Lord is carrying on his work in my soul; but I want to improve more rapidly: where I have *walked*, to *run*; and where I *run*, to *mount* as on eagles' wings. Glory be to God! my views are enlarged, my comforts and joys are increased, with the continued evidence of being the temple of an indwelling God. When I received the evidence of entire sanctification, my soul was filled with joy that I had found it, and with longings for heaven; but *now*, the Lord has discovered to me a great field of exercise for grace, together with higher blessings as my privilege, which, had they been previously exhibited, I perhaps might have doubted the possibility of attaining them. But for what has my father now revealed them to me? That he may glorify himself in imparting them, and increase my blessedness in receiving them.

“I too with him shall walk in white,
With all his saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.”

January 12th. I have this day been favoured with an opportunity of worshipping my God, at a public preaching, for the first time, since November the tenth. I heard a funeral sermon for a faithful christian [Mr. George Fletcher of Eckington]. The text was "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, &c." In the midst of reading, writing, or conversation, I have continually a sweet presentiment that my body will soon be consigned to its parent earth. O, happy day! With what joy I view *death*. My Jesus has taken away its sting, and instead of its being the *end* of all my enjoyment, it will but be as the *beginning*. I feel increasingly desirous of devoting the little remnant of my time to my God, who reigns sole monarch of my heart. Glory be to God! that I ever heard *full* salvation enforced. I might now have been labouring under the burden of indwelling sin; whereas I now enjoy a perfect freedom from it. May I never tarnish the testimony I bear of it. I adopt St. Paul's language, "*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.*"

"When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then,—this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me."

January 19th. The beginning of a new week is the dawn of fresh mercies and blessings from our beneficent Creator; and each succeeding sabbath, an opportunity of preparing for eternity. Though I cannot attend

public worship, I enjoy precious means of grace in my closet. This day my mind is exceedingly happy. In the discourse of our Saviour with his disciples, John chapter xvii, verses 20 to 26, how apparent the love and condescension of Jesus! What an interesting view of my union with the Trinity. O ye heavens! and earth! be amazed at the love of God, in raising a worm to such unmerited glory. How mild and reasonable the injunction, "*If ye love me, keep my commandments, &c.*" Certainly much is comprised in this; but not too much for a christian. O, no! Jesu's "*yoke is easy, and his burthen light.*" What glory seems to beam from his countenance while I hear him saying, "*Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory.*" I have a sure and certain hope of one day beholding it. When I feel a little worse in health, I feel ready to hope the sickness will be unto death; and that the vail will soon be removed. My soul continually cries give, give, O Lord!

January 22nd. A profitable day to my soul. May I constantly be spiritually minded. O Lord! never let my religion be so low as *not* to feel a constant disposition to prayer; or, to have to *force* myself to it. I may comply from a regular method of attending to religious duties, and in that feel enlivened: but on the contrary, let my joy always be so full, as to *cause* me to pray without ceasing; and, instead of being *constrained* to use *means* in order to keep grace *alive*, I would use them as *servants* to *increase* and *mature* my grace. O the beauty of the scriptures! and the value of religion! They are beyond expression!

What a song shall I sing in eternity, that I ever saw the one, and enjoyed the other.

January 26th. My mind has not this day been in a rapturous state; but I have felt a most sacred awe, and peacefulness; with solemn, and glorious views of death. My parents are the nearest to me, but I can leave them in the same hands which have kept me, and so bountifully shewed me mercy. In reading my bible, I met with the language of my heart: 2 Timothy, iv. 6—8. "*For I am now ready to be offered,*" &c. I seem to view the glories of the heavenly Canaan:

"I see the city walls,
I hear the golden lyres."

I shall soon receive a crown—a harp—a palm—and shall worship with the blood-bought throng. Glory! Glory!

January 28th. I am yet spared a little longer. My soul is very happy in the enjoyment of God; longing to improve every minute, to the increase of grace; as *each* of them, as given me, may be my last. *I cannot rest*:—in such glorious employment, *I cannot stand still*. My soul is continually panting for more.

Glory be to God! I am increasing in grace, and, I trust, ripening for glory. I have this night, for the *first* time, engaged in public prayer in our class meeting, and perhaps it may be the last. Many are dying on the right hand, and on the left, and my poor state of health strengthens my hope of not living long. I have Christ in my heart, the hope of glory!

February 2nd. Glory be to thee, my God! that I am a monument of thy grace; of thy love and power to save from temptation, sin, and hell. Though I have not been assaulted with any great, or violent temptation, I have been harrassed with suggestions and reasonings. At times, thoughts of the height of my attainments, have been presented to me, but I rejected them with holy indignation, knowing the source from whence they came. These, together with a cloud that seemed to rest upon my mind, have prevented a *rejoicing*, though not a *reliance* on my ever blessed Redeemer. O, no! Christ is my refuge. I flee to, and find shelter in him. I enjoy the blessing of which Mrs. Lefevre speaks: of being (in a spiritual sense) suspended between the visible and invisible world. By first seeking the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, all the promises of the scriptures are mine!—all the blessings of the present life and a future state, are mine!—all the unction of the glorious Trinity, is promised me; yea all the new covenant blessings. O my God! what unbounded love to me! I want to render thee a ceaseless song of praise.

“Keep my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.”

February 9th. My peculiarly favoured soul is blessed with another sabbath. I rejoice in my crucified Redeemer, with a joy unspeakable, and my soul is overwhelmed with gratitude. I love my God, because

he first loved me. I have been much blessed while reading the fifteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. What delightful views of heavenly bliss were given me. Earthly language cannot express heavenly things, only in a style far lower than the real glory. I pant for more of his fulness, and for the full revelation of all the mystic glory.

“The Father shining on his throne;
The glorious co-eternal Son;
The Spirit one and seven.”

I have the lot of christians, in temptations, &c. but they “are not *worthy to be compared with the glory which is, and shall be revealed.*” Glorious, happy, transporting day, when I shall soar away to my blessed Redeemer.

February 12th. My Saviour is very precious. I have enjoyed a greater portion of the Spirit’s influence, the few days past, by attending, when in prayer, to that direction of our Saviour, “*Whatsoever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*” Glory be to him! for the measure of grace he has bestowed. My heavenly Father alone knows whether my crimson cheek, and painful side, are symptoms of a disease, which will terminate my probation. All is well! life or death: happy! happy!

February 16th. My heavenly Father is ever present with me. His presence now surrounds me; and I have righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. I am cheered by his favour and smile. I think an angelic tongue could not explain the union of a believer

with Christ; and the views with which they are favoured. "What am I, O thou glorious God, or, what my father's house to thee" that thou shouldst so greatly bless me? The world, compared with what I feel, is nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit. Through grace, I flee youthful lusts; and in my closet, enjoy more than I could find were I to join in the fashionable follies of the world. How great is the value of religion. I want more. I am but young in years, yet younger in experience. The sun has not performed one annual circuit since I found the Lord. I want an increase in every grace: not in *one* only, but in *all*. I want to be more humble, simple, and teachable: though I have no accusations of conscience of failing in these, I might have them in a greater degree. I find a christian cannot stand still in any state of grace: whether his attainments be high, or low, he must be striving—must be running. If we take rest, or give place to ease, ~~we~~ is pronounced against us, and Satan has fair prospects of gaining advantage over us. Entire sanctification will not allow of cessation from effort: if we rest, our evidence will darken till it disappears.

February 23rd. This has been a prosperous week to my soul: but I am humbled that I do not enjoy more. I want to live near the fountain of bliss. I bid adieu to earthly things: I am only a sojourner: heaven is my home. O that I were there Sometimes it is suggested 'wouldst thou not rather live to enjoy the beauty and harmony of spring; to rear thy plants and cult thy flowers, and range in the verdant meadows, &c.?' I answer, No!—they are nothing,

compared with treading the plains of glory: and I dare not; I cannot prefer any thing to my Jesus, and his presence. I feel a greater need of keeping the avenues of my heart, in order to be saved from wandering thoughts. When in the world, our thoughts must necessarily be engaged a little with that in which we are employed; but there is a danger of suffering them to wander *too far*, or to continue *too long* from better things. Lord, help me with *Mary* to sit at the Master's feet; and with *Martha* to attend to worldly things, in the filial fear and love of thee. Through grace, I renew my covenant, of being the Lord's for ever. What joy thrills through my heart at the transporting thought—I am sealed the Lord's: I am in covenant with him: glory; eternal bliss is mine! I am lost in delightful contemplation; and like Bunyan's character of Hopeful, in the land of Beulah; where his desires were so strong, at the sight of the new Jerusalem, that he fell sick. But I have the grace of resignation. *Self*-will is lost in *God's* will. His service is perfect freedom, and untold happiness. I have enjoyment worth worlds. Into thy hands O God I resign body, spirit, soul: keep me thine for ever.

March 2nd. Sunday. The past week is one to be remembered for the conflict I have had respecting my attainments. I was almost ready to conclude that I had not attained the grace which I had professed; and inwardly trembled. This morning, I felt comforted and strengthened; but whilst carrying, forwarding my views of spiritual consolations in time, to those of eternity, it was suggested that I should not inherit it. My bible lay open on my knee: I looked and read the

following verse : "*I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thy hand and keep thee.*" Isaiah xlii. 6. Then with joy and confidence I exclaimed "*Behold God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song: he also is become my salvation, in him do I trust, and shall not be confounded.*" There is a glorious inheritance laid up for me; and through grace *I shall possess it.* The Lord of heaven and earth hath promised it, and will he not perform? Glory! Glory! all within me shout his praise. I am his; sealed to the day of redemption. The holy one of Israel is mine. I know I am increasing in grace, and sensibly feel that I am as acceptable to God, when struggling with, and resisting temptation, and unbelief, as when I am rejoicing. These light afflictions will work out more glory for me. I feel happy, and receive peace and joy through believing. God is my heritage. I am rich in his love. He is my all in all. What unspeakable joy has flowed into my soul during my meditation, when these words were applied to my mind, "*To him that overcometh will I grant to sit down with me on my throne, &c.*" O what am I? that Jesus should promise such blessings to me—that I shall for ever reign with him in celestial bliss, and incomprehensible glory. I cannot praise him as I desire. Haste, happy day! when I shall join in singing, "*Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty! which was, and is, and is to come: thou art worthy to receive glory, and honour, and power.*" May I be faithful to grace, all the time of my probation, until I attain everlasting rest.

March 9th. My soul is happy : no enemy disturbs its peace. My intercourse with God is open, and I enjoy the unclouded light of his countenance. This last week 'I have run my course with even joy, and closely walked with God.' My God reigns in my heart unrivalled, uncontrolled. I heard a sermon this morning from brother C. at Marsden Moor. He said many excellent things, and I had a profitable time. While awake, I enjoy God's favour ; and when I retire to rest, I sink into my Saviour's arms, caring not to rise again in this world, but rather to awake in paradise. In the morning, I secure his blessing, and in his name pursue my calling : and every hour proclaim his praise. Thus I sleep, and wake, in readiness for my great reward. My health has been rather better ; but I cannot presume on long life. All is, all will be well !

March 12th. Had a good meeting, to night : many were present who are not accustomed to attend. O, my God ! send a revival. The Lord is, and has been very precious to me this day. I am filled with joy in considering whose I am, and to whom I live. My Jesus seems nearer to my heart—our union stronger and sweeter—and his love more glorious. How happy am I in feeling my Father fills my poor heart. The unction derived from a constant union with God, is increasingly strong : and I need not (as Mrs. Rogers observes) die to feel the presence of God ; I feel it here : but what will it be in glory. How sweet the assurance I feel, that when 'I lay this body down,' my glorious Father will 'reward with an immortal crown.'

March 16th. My mind was rather cast down in the forenoon. Indisposition of body, damps and clogs the spirit. I have much to learn in affliction. Though I have confidence in God, I do not feel that overwhelming joy, which I generally experience, when nearly free from bodily pain. But I have a sweet cordial, *resignation* to the divine will. My father does all things well. Come health or affliction; life or death; the presence of my God makes a paradise in my heart. Beholding the Saviour as standing 'ready to receive my spirit,' I joyfully bear what he permits—praise my God—and pursue my way. In my convinced state, I had three requests to make to my God: *two* of them *are* granted me, and the *third* will be ere long. He has granted me "peace through grace forgiven;" and "the joys of holiness below." There remains to be obtained, "the joys of heaven." In Christ I am complete: he is my head, and "in him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

March 23rd. This morning, had abiding peace, but not superlative joy. The dialogues on entire sanctification [by the Rev. J. S. Pipe,] have been made a blessing to me. O that this blessing were more generally enjoyed, and openly confessed. I only hear persons speak of it in a distant manner. This sometimes damps my mind, and suggestions flow in like water that my testimony will be regarded as a delusion. But am I not paying too much regard to the opinions of my fellow creatures? Let me consider who it is that approves my testimony, and confirms it in my heart: the most high God! Peace then my soul; rejoice; HE owns thee. I can truly say, "*my sun*

goeth not down, but the Lord is my everlasting light, and my God is my glory."

March 30th. Easter Sunday. While hearing the chapter for the day read this morning, in family worship, how greatly I was affected with these words: "*I ascend unto my father and your father, and to my God and your God!*" a flood of light and glory burst in upon my mind. My God! and my Father! Glory! Glory! What a blessed relationship. I rejoice in him who was the first fruit of them that slept—who broke the bands of death—ascended up on high—leading captivity captive—and receiving gifts for men. Glorious emblem of the resurrection morn; when our bodies will quit their graves, and rise triumphant to the skies, or sink in woe to hell. What ought to have been the feelings of his disciples (whose hopes had been buried with their master) when the tidings "he is risen," were conveyed. Ought not joy to fill *our* hearts in the contemplation of our Redeemer's resurrection for our justification, and to make intercession for us? He is our hope and joy—our confidence and crown. In spirit we are one with him. What an inexpressible union!—May we ever retain it in all its vigour. O that I could express one third of the joy, the happiness which flows from believing. How great the tranquility and peace of a heart where Jesus reigns;—and which I feel.

"How sweet the joys; the crown how bright;
Of those who to thy love aspire.

This day, Miss B. wrote a few lines on the resurrection and ascension of Christ.

ON THE
RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

Ye seraphs bright ! and angels fair !
Come, tune the golden lyre :
My bounding heart would join with you,
And catch celestial fire.

Amaz'd ! on Calvary, ye view'd
Your *dying* LORD, AND KING !
Exchange *surprise* for *anthems* ; now
His FAME and GLORY sing.

On earth a suffering life HE led ;
A shameful death he bore ;—
But now has burst and left the tomb,
Death's glorious Conqueror !—

Regain'd the realms of endless bliss ;
At GOD's right hand sat down ;
That through his *fall* and *rise*, we might
Receive a starry crown.

Through him—corruption shall decay !
Mortality shall die !
Our song of triumph be, O grave !
Where is thy victory ?

O, death ! where is thy pointless sting ?
To *me* no terror now :
Thou who so many captive led,
Must to the Conqueror bow.

For HE the mighty battle won !
The conquest he has gain'd !
And by his passion and his death,
A glorious life obtain'd

For us : and we (renew'd by grace)
On the celestial plain,
Shall sing the love of him, who died
On earth, and rose again !

Mary Helen Bingham.

Composed on Easter Sunday
afternoon 1823.

April 1st. My soul was refreshed at the class meeting. I want a greater depth of solid piety, that in temper and conduct, I may be consistent and blameless. I want to lie constantly at the foot of the cross, that I may daily become stronger and stronger. I want to live always in the habit of prayer, and in the act of believing.

April 6th. During the last week, I have been enabled more fully to keep my mind stayed on God, amidst the bustle of domestic concerns. I have not felt great joy : rather heaviness ; but generally a peaceful, solemn awe. I am increasing in grace ; learning many things ; calmly relying upon God, with an assurance that I am living holy and acceptably in his sight ; following the teachings of his holy spirit. Now I see many things in religion, which, to me, formerly were unknown. I am crucified with Christ to the world. I live spiritually dead to the world, and shall finally

rise in glory to my PATTERN there. My evidence of entire holiness is kept clear by a living faith. I feel that I am cleansed from all iniquity; yet not saved from errors in judgment; or so perfect, as not to be liable to fall. But I fly to God for refuge, believing that he will give me grace to stand and conquer. I feel that I am *bound* to obey his precepts; therefore I ask strength to obey, believing it will be given, and feel that it is imparted. I read the promises, and believe for my privilege, and receive it. The promises of glory raise my joy to transport. Thus simple faith instrumentally saves me. I disclaim all merit of works, yet consider it necessary to work out my salvation. I want an increase of that nearness to God, in the enjoyment of which, the still small voice of the Spirit is constantly heard.

April 11th. At B—— O Lord! do thou grant that I may not lose grace while amongst carnal persons: support and keep me. I daily see and hear such wickedness amongst the working class of persons, in this neighbourhood, as is really shocking. How distressing the sight! to such as enjoy religion, and desire the salvation of others.

April 18th. For several days my mind has been cast down, and, in some measure, estranged from God by the company and objects of the day. I felt on Wednesday that I began to sink. I then retired, and read my bible on my knees, and pleaded with God. I found him intimately nigh; shedding his gracious influence upon me. I was instantly revived, and cheered, and obtained strength to walk unblameably before him in the world. My mind became serene,

rejoicing in present salvation, and in the prospect of eternal bliss. I am this moment happy in my God, enjoying sweet communion with him.

April 20th. This morning I heard Mr. Holden (*Lecturer on Astronomy*) preach from Revelations vii. 14. "*And one of the elders answered saying, what are these which are arrayed in white robes, &c.*" It was an excellent sermon, never to be forgotten. I seemed, with St. John, to view the glorious company, and their employment, and longed to join them. While in the chapel, it occurred to my mind, that *one year ago, this day, I experienced the pardoning love of God*, and that I heard a sermon in *Cromford* chapel the same day from this text, which was greatly blessed to me. The sublimity of Mr. H.'s discourse—the gracious influence that accompanied it—and the joy of my heart that I had *retained* a sense of my acceptance, nearly overcame me. My earthly tabernacle trembled beneath the load; and for a time, it was with difficulty that I could either speak or stand. At length tears of joy afforded me relief. What a happy year I have spent! Glory! honour! and thanks! to thee my God for the blessings of this year: a year never to be repented of in time or eternity. From the moment that I received pardon, I have never been without the witness of my adoption. What a blessing to be religious in early life! With what enraptured feelings can I view the countless multitudes before the throne, and say,

“Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains!
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

O! *when I* bear some humble part
 In that immortal song!
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue."

While I write, I long to be gone. The contemplation of such bliss, with a consciousness of my title to it, and growing meetness for it, prove an increasing source of pleasure, not like the amusements of the world, which are only occasional, and some of them rare. Mine are constant; and the darkness of night does not diminish them. O, no! they are frequently increased while I commune with God in the night season. When midnight silence reigns around, I can arise, and pour out my petitions, and offer my praise to him, who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

April 27th. Sunday. The sermon in the morning was from James, i. 23. "*But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves.*" Glory be to God! for enabling me not only to be a hearer, but in some measure, a doer of the word. May I continue to serve him as long as I live. O my God! all within me shall silently praise thee. "My bounding heart shall own thy sway, and echo to thy voice." After the evening service, the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered: it was a most solemn time. I received the memorials of my Saviour's *passion and death*, with *awe* and *joy*. I felt as in the presence of the Most High; and as though commanded to keep body, soul, and spirit, blameless to the coming of my Lord. Glory be to thee my God! for these great privileges. May I improve by them, "and live

and die wrapt up in thee." Enlarge my views, and strengthen my faith. Let a sense of thy presence continually rest upon me. How great the joy which an anticipation of heaven affords me. "Who can tell the happiness, this glorious hope affords?"

April 29th. I rejoice that I am enabled in some measure, to make progress. I enjoy much peace and consolation; yet do not seem to enter so fully into those enlarged views, and interesting meditations on the fulness of God, which I frequently enjoy, when at home. Now that I am absent from home, I find in a TOWN, something new every day to arrest the attention: the bustle of populous streets—dress—and ever-changing scenery; but I greatly prefer retirement in the country. *There* I have no one's concerns, conduct, or professions, to call off my attention from those things which pertain more immediately to myself. Domestic occupations have a share in my thoughts; and I enjoy books—fields—trees—my own flower garden—the harmony of various songsters—and the beauties of nature; and find they lead me up to God, Rural scenery, to one who admires it, contributes to the promotion of piety. But in my *present situation*, my mind is in a degree stayed on the author and source of all blessings. My health is not so good as it was. Change of air, which once was serviceable, has now a contrary effect. But I consider the grace of God sufficient to uphold me, and, if he please, to make me a blessing to others. I constantly feel ready to close my eyes on earthly objects for ever.

May 3rd. Near ten at night. I have been viewing a comet through my room window, with much interest.

It was descending to the horizon. The *nucleus* appeared twice or thrice the size of a star of the first magnitude: very brilliant, with a large train of light. It is believed to be, not a body of fire, as some have supposed; but an opaque body, like the *moon*, receiving light from the *sun*. The rapidity of its movement, and the length of time elapsing betwixt its appearance, serves to prove, that the circuit of its revolution is through an incomprehensible portion of space. When it approaches so near the sun as to be visible to our sight, the mists, or vapours, or whatsoever surrounds it, are probably driven by the sun's rays, in a contrary direction, and form the *train* which, with the body of the comet, are illuminated by the sun. I can exclaim with the Psalmist, "*How wonderful are thy works! Lord! what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him?*" I have enjoyed the following words: "Believe, and all your sins forgiven; only believe, and yours is heaven." I have a fear of not being sufficiently in earnest. May the Lord keep me from unwatchfulness and indifference, while crossing "*the plains of ease*;" and grant that I may never rest till I gain my heaven. I am considered consumptive, but may find some partial benefit when I return home. >

May 6th. Farewell! to thee my chamber at B. probably I may enter thee no more. Adieu! to you my hours of retirement that I have spent in it: no more to see or enjoy you, till you rise at the great tribunal. Adieu! friends, and every smiling face: I willingly part with you, to meet no more, until we meet at God's right hand. My happy heart rebounds within me, in

the enjoyment of my God. In a small degree, I possess the unsullied joys of paradise—the atmosphere of celestial regions—and my centre is God. O! the joy of an immortal spirit, on leaving its frail tabernacle, and joining with kindred spirits, and especially with those to whom we are bound by nature's ties, in proving the full fruition of that love which we in vain attempt to explore while here. "The thoughts of such amazing bliss do constant joys create." By faith, simple faith, my mind is kept in perfect peace—unspotted love—and untainted joy.

Hague Lane, May 11th. I have reached *home* with feelings very different from what I have ever felt before: such an attachment to every place connected with it; and a kind of desire arose that I might live and die in this beloved retirement. In every breath I draw, I have mercies temporal and spiritual. Although so unworthy, unnumbered blessings are bestowed upon me. Thus happily, the *morning of my life* is spent. Each hour brings its joys, and is characterized with peace. The serene moments of my life glide almost imperceptibly away. My time is employed in preparations which will not have to be sought when languishing on a bed of sickness. I have the pearl of great price in possession; but its full value will only be known in futurity. How near the subject of heavenly felicity lays to my heart. If any distant allusion be made to it—or I read one—or one arise in my meditations, it touches a favourite chord; my heart echoes to it. Glory be to thee my God! for such super-abundant love to me a poor mortal,

favouring me thus on earth, and giving me a title to a glorious mansion in heaven. While I was longing for more of the holy spirit, last night before I closed my eyes in sleep, the word '*Believe*,' was powerfully applied to my mind. I did so, and instantly my heart was filled in such a degree as I do not remember having ever previously experienced. This also shews how *simple* and *powerful* is FAITH. I found the administration of the Lord's supper this evening a profitable time. Praise the Lord! not only a happy life, but a glorious death, and blissful eternity, may be my portion.

May 17th. I have this evening been learning the names of the *stars*, and contemplating them with delight, as they glittered on the ethereal arch; the *moon* also, shining in peerless splendour. How beautiful! how glorious! they appeared, while viewing them from elevated ground; all around me lulled to rest. When the songsters have ceased their warbling—the cattle their lowing—busy man his daily toil—all around me silvered by bright Cynthia's beams, and the hour of midnight approaching; *then* I view with astonishment and rapture, the wonderful works of *my Father* the ETERNAL JEHOVAH. O help me to love thee more. Expand my poor narrow heart: fire and fill it with admiration and gratitude to thee, the giver of all temporal and spiritual mercies.

May 20th. This has been a blessed day. Wept tears of joy at my class. After brother L. in leading the class had given me excellent counsel, he gave out these words:

“Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry :
We’re marching through Immanuel’s ground,
To fairer worlds on high.”

I was much affected, my tears of joy and gratitude flowed freely. I am marching, and I hope with rapidity, “to fairer worlds on high.” My mind is full of peace and joy, though in much pain of body. Every breath I draw is with a deep heave. Though my friends do not think me likely to be *seen removed* from earth, or do not wish to tell me so; there are many inward symptoms which, daily increasing, seem to say that my orb is past the meridian, and my frail tenement approaching the chambers of death: but the countless multitude—the starry crown—and the presence of my Jesus, in contemplation, afford me a constant spring of heavenly joy. What inconceivable happiness in religion! I feel great pleasure in that passage “*When I awake I am still with thee*” How precious! an omnipresent God surrounds me. What pure celestial fire glows on the altar of a heart wholly devoted to him. My happy soul swells unutterably full of glory.

May 25th. The rising sun appearing and pursuing his course, proclaims to my soul the constancy and faithfulness of God: and the small rain descending upon the young foliage of nature, refreshing and invigorating it, speaks a silent lesson on the gentle descent of the Spirit upon my young heart, repeated and continued as the dew and the rain; quickening and reviving my spiritual life; and causing it like the trees to branch forth, and the first branches to acquire more

vigour and strength. As the robe of nature, having received this moisture, can profit more by the beams of the sun, and the light of the moon; so my heart is enabled by the genial influences of the Spirit, to behold, receive, and enjoy communion with the Father; and to profit by the fellowship of saints. I find a monitor in every object around me, proclaiming a Creator full of mercy, kindness, and love. I find on examination that my peaceful soul is drawing nearer to the fountain of bliss, and daily tasting its blessings: O that I could say I am *drinking deep*. I believe we all live beneath our privilege. Who can limit the love of the great Jehovah, or say to the christian, so deep, but *no deeper canst thou drink?* O my soul exert all thy faculties to prove the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths of the love of God in Christ Jesus. I desire to renew my efforts from this day, and to have more intimate communion with my Redeemer. In vain I desire to declare the happiness of a life entirely consecrated to God.

June 1st. My great and loving Father! grant me grace to begin, and if spared, to live *this month* more than ever to thee. May every *short breath* I draw be thine. How much is implied in the Saviour's words "*Ask and receive that your joy may be full.*" What blessed encouragement! What wondrous love! "*Thou art my God, and I will praise thee! Thou art my God, and I will exalt thee.*" My consecrated heart rejoice! my loosened tongue vibrate his praise! My happiness increases in the service of him whom I love supremely. I love my parents; but not as I love my God. I love sincere friends; but their friendship or

love disappears before the love of my Saviour. I love the beauties of creation; but they darken in the presence of his glory. *Life*, I love so little, that it is swallowed up in the thought of a happy death. I can leave *every thing* for the presence of my God; and with permission, "I'd clap the glad wing, and soar away." Transporting thought! if so small a manifestation of his love be so great, so glorious, what will be the full fruition of eternal bliss? My declining health, strength, and flesh, are powerful monitors: in one respect, they cause a rejoicing that I shall so soon reach the place where I would be: in another, my mind is impressed with the shortness of my time, and the necessity of living closer to the fountain head. Glory be to God! I have not *now* salvation to seek. O, no! I have a blooming hope, and can exclaim "*Though my strength and flesh fail, God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.*"

June 6th. I feel the presence of my heavenly Father supporting and comforting me, and casting a peaceful serenity on every scene. Since the commencement of my affliction, I have asked that I might "be filled with the fulness of God," and then be "from the body set free." While I was placed in the open air this forenoon, on account of violent sickness, I requested the Lord to direct me to a passage which would shew me if my prayer was heard. I then opened on Psalm vi. 9. "*The Lord hath heard my supplication: the Lord will receive my prayer.*" I opened my bible again, and read Rev. ii. 11. "*He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.*"

Probably, while some readers may admire the above passages of scripture thus presented in answer to prayer, as highly appropriate, others may be ready to exclaim this is bibliomaney. *Bibliomaney* has been defined by some as being "a kind of divination, performed by means of the bible, and consists in taking passages of scripture at hazard, and drawing indications thence concerning things that are future, and which, when they have happened to fix on a text of an awful nature, has almost driven them to despair." The *evil* existing in the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, of this definition, will deserve to be discountenanced and reprobated, IF it should ever be met with. CHRISTIANITY is equally remote from the opposite extremes of *scepticism* and *enthusiasm*. *Mere human* systems may verge to the one, or require the aid of the other: but *christianity* being DIVINE, cannot produce, or depend on either. It is a SUN shining with unborrowed light, and revolves on the axis of eternal truth: therefore its immutability is secured, and its influence exerted without producing either the *torrid zone* of *enthusiasm*, or the *frigid zone* of *infidelity*. The evil under consideration has not any thing to recommend it, as *no benefit* can arise from it; *nor any necessity*, be shewn for it. That *no benefit* would arise from it, will appear from the following considerations: If a person who *has* received grace, instead of using prayer and exercising faith for divine influence and testimony, were to have recourse to this measure, and meet with a *pleasing text*, and be encouraged by it; he would grieve God by preferring the *letter* to the *spirit*, and would not obtain *abiding* evidence and comfort, much less that strength

of grace necessary to the maintenance of spiritual life, and to render him equal to the obedience enjoined, the trials appointed, or the temptations permitted by God. If a person, accepted of God, were to meet with an *alarming* passage of scripture, and to conclude from it that he was *not* in a state of salvation, *immediate loss* would be the consequence. If a person, *not* in a state of salvation, meeting with an highly encouraging passage, were to cry peace, peace, when God has *not* spoken it, his conclusion would probably prove *as injurious as it is false*. That there is *not any necessity* for this, will be apparent from the fact, that assurance of personal salvation, is *not left* to be testified to the *conscience* by any *detached text*, or by one with all the point it acquires, or all the force it collects and concentrates by being considered *in its connexion*. If the government of the natural world be not left in the hands of chance, or fate; *much less* the renewal of a soul in righteousness, and its assurance of the divine approbation. No individual is directed by the inspired penmen to regard the *scriptures* as supplying the primary, supreme, and *much less* the *only testimony* of the divine approval. The eternal Spirit of truth has not left the *mere letter* of SCRIPTURE as the highest, and *much less* as the only evidence that can be given of acceptance and salvation. By no means: the HOLY GHOST *is and will be, his own witness to his own work*, and *prove* that his *work* and his *testimony*, is that of God: thus guarding against *private* and *distorted* interpretations of the scriptures, by which many might be misled, or self deceived. Nevertheless, where the testimony of scripture is *subordinated* to the infallible

testimony of the HOLY GHOST ; *He* will allow *his testimony* to be *compared* with the scriptures, which concurring as they necessarily must, the point in question will be so confirmed by the *two* witnesses, and established by a *third*, personal experience, as to leave neither occasion, nor room to doubt whether the testimony proceeded from the Holy Spirit, or was temptation, or enthusiasm. But it may here be remarked, that while there is *no necessity* for *bibliomancy* (understood according to the above definition) in reference to personal salvation ; *nor benefit* accruing from it, to those who cease to seek, and foolishly supersede the Spirit's testimony, receiving the information thus presented as the express voice or mind of God, demanding instant credence, prohibiting delay, and rendering unnecessary the exercise of reason, prudence, christian conversation, prayer, &c. *it is*, nevertheless, *both rational and scriptural* for a person (and especially one enjoying the salvation possessed by Miss B.) to believe in the special interference of the divine being, and piously desire in submission to his will, that he would condescend to vouchsafe a special answer to their prayer, through the medium of his holy word, and to believe that *he will* do so, if it would be for their spiritual benefit. Now, as the method of deciding by the first verse which may meet the eye has *not the authority of God* for its use, rather his negative, (the Saviour having said *search* the scriptures,) it is for such persons to consider whether they, for the sake of prompt decision, by taking the first verse they meet with, will subject themselves to the possibility and probability of mistaking in a point of declared impor-

tance: or whether, as would be both more rational and scriptural, they, after prayer to God for light and direction, instead of confining God and themselves to the first words which shall meet their eye, will be thankful for, and satisfied with information obtained by reading a paragraph, or chapter; a book, or epistle of the holy scriptures, to which they may be as certainly divinely directed, and by which they may be more lastingly benefitted.

As it respects the conduct of Miss B. who, *after prayer to God for direction*, occasionally looked into the bible for information from the first words she might meet with, it may be considered in the light of *an experiment* to ascertain whether God would in that way inform or confirm her mind, rather than as being done from a persuasion, or an assurance of *certainly receiving specific and irreversible* information. The strength of her mind, and the extent of her piety, leave no reason to suppose that if, instead of the passages mentioned under the above date, she had opened on John v. 42. "*I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you*" or Matthew xxv. 41. "*Depart from me ye cursed, &c.*" that she would have concluded herself destitute of the love of God, and under his sentence to eternal death. Her dependance on God, acknowledged in prayer for light—her christian simplicity, preparing her to receive—her strong faith in God's special and prompt interference—and her experience of such interpositions, would conduce to the acquisition of knowledge in this, or any way, so far as God might condescend to impart it; to whose will, she entirely and promptly submitted with christian gracefulness. How far entire devotedness

to God—christian simplicity—and powerful faith, would secure from the *possibility*, or *probability* of meeting with inapplicable passages, will not be decided in this memoir. In fine, *dipping* into the bible, from curiosity, or amusement, where information is not desired or confidently anticipated, appears *idle* and *vain*:—if practised in confidence of *infallible direction* by those who have but *little* religious experience, it *must be extremely dangerous*:—and for those who are in a *high state of salvation*, it is presumed to be *unnecessary*, as they who are enabled by grace, to live by the moment in the will of God, *are walking in the light*—*have the unction of the Holy One*—and *need not take thought for to-morrow*.

On the above date, Miss B. wrote the following letter to Mrs. Unwin of Cromford:

My dear Mrs. Unwin,

It affords me great pleasure in writing to you; and I hope you are not grieved that I have not wrote sooner. I delayed writing, expecting that I should be able to fix a time when you might expect me at Cromford. But in this, my dear friend, I am disappointed. I never perfectly recovered from the illness I had in November. My health has been bad during the spring, and is so now. The physician says that I am not able at present to undertake the journey. If I be spared a little longer, and have my health restored, I hope I shall once more visit the friends in that beloved place [Cromford] where the Lord first blessed me. But He, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, alone knows what he is going to do with

me. With calm resignation I am willing to live ; and with triumphant joy to resign my body to the tomb, and my happy soul into the arms of him who gave it. As I cannot visit you, do write to me, that by the account you may give of yourself and friends, though I may be prevented ever seeing you again in this vale of tears, I may confidently rejoice in the expectation that my blood-bought soul will salute your's in the mansions of the blessed. I now daily reap the advantages of having wholly given myself up to God while in health. The recollection of those days brings me joy, and the sacrifice *then* made of body, soul, and spirit to God, *now* secures for me abundant consolations of the Spirit—a sweet communion with my God—and indescribable happiness of mind ; so much so, that if God be going to take me, I can give up every thing, parents and friends with joy. But should I be spared to visit you, I can then more fully tell you my mind. Excuse my saying so little ; as I do not feel able to write any longer at present. My parents' love to you ; mine also, and to Mrs. M.'s family individually—to my class mates and school-fellows. In sincerity I add

Your's truly,

M. H. Bingham.

Hague Lane,

June 6th, 1823.

June 8th. My soul is exceedingly happy : it rejoices in him who hath clad me in garments of salvation. I can cast my blood-bought, immortal spirit on him. He can, he will, he has pledged himself to keep me.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but his word shall remain. Away despondency and doubt! The almighty Jehovah has declared that "*My sun shall no more go down, neither shall my moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be my everlasting light, and my God my glory.*" Rejoice my highly favoured soul! What astonishing love, that the God of glory, should make me, so unworthy, an inheritor of such promises!

June 10th. What a profitable class meeting we have had to-night; I have had such an insight into my ignorance and weakness, that I appeared to myself the unworthiest of all. But "*When I am weak then am I strong.*" I long to feel a burning love and fervent zeal. My soul is increasing in grace. I have a constant settled peace—a firm reliance on my Saviour—and a well grounded hope of immortality. The last verse which was sung at the meeting was

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "it shall be done!"

This has strengthened and enabled me to trust for the accomplishment of a glorious work in my soul. Heavenly Father! I do this tenth day of June fully resolve by thy grace assisting me to be more fully consecrated and given up to thee—to have more frequent intercourse with thee in private prayer—to have a more active faith—and to live a life of greater holiness, constantly having thee before me, that as the

outward man decays, the inward one may be renewed day by day.

Signed and sealed by me,

Mary Helen Bingham.

Witness,

No mortal person

The all-seeing God.

June 11th. Felt much impressed with the solemnity of my covenant by which I have bound myself. O my God! enable me to keep it. I feel happy in my God, and am earnestly longing for the possession of my glorious inheritance. I want to see him as he is; and to adore before his throne. If thus happy in the enjoyment of a small degree of glory, O what will be the eternal weight prepared for me, even me. Glory! Hallelujah!

The following day, June 12th, was Miss B.'s birth day, when she became *Fifteen* years of age. The return of a *Birth day*, can scarcely fail to communicate pleasure to young persons, and especially those of a sanguine temperament, who are pleased with the *tide* of *life*, and enjoy it in proportion to its *flow*, without either fear or thought of its *ebb*. It is generally anticipated nearly through the circle of the year, either as a season of festivity, or as introducing them more fully into the world, which, by its alluring appearances, and flattering and extravagant promises, excites desire—confirms their hope—and promptly obtains implicit credence. “Buoyed by flattering hopes, or chained to infatuation's gates, the *young* frequently promise themselves length of days. *Time* is a *pearl*; but its

excellence is rarely discovered until irrevocably lost. It is used more as a toy, than as a jewel; and by the wanton abuse of it, is evidently rated too low. While man is grasping after earthly joys, *time* still pursues its course; and every fleeting hour emphatically declares *eternity at hand*. All things in life point unto one end, and death is in every earthly enjoyment."

"Mark that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye!
Use all persuasions now, and try
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No tract is left behind.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer, thou.
Of all the time thou'st shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind?"

Miss B. commemorated the annual return of this interesting day in writing the following lines:

LINES ON MY BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 12TH, 1828.

Ye high and sparkling stars and spheres,
Your trackless paths pursue:
To *your* CREATOR, and to *mine*,
My humble praise is due.

By his unseen almighty hand
 Were earth's foundations laid :
 And form and life he gave to all,
 For all by him were made !

To him alone I praise must give ;
 From him my being came :
 My ransom'd soul shall live to him,
 And glorify his name.

Since first I breath'd the vital air,
 And saw the quickening sun,
 That mighty orb has roll'd along ;
 His daily course has run :

Through varied circles of the year,
 His maker's praise proclaim'd :
 Pale CYNTHIA 's fill'd her silver horn,
 And monthly wax'd and wain'd :

Thrice five times WINTER's ruthless hand,
 O'er nature 's borne the sway :
 The same has SPRING appear'd and gone,
 With SUMMER's lengthen'd day.

The like has AUTUMN's ripen'd boughs
 With golden bunches hung :
 While warbling birds on every spray,
 Their maker's praises sung.

With joy unfeign'd I now behold
 My natal-hour return ;

And early rise to celebrate,
That first auspicious morn

On which my happy infant soul,
First smil'd on things below ;
Cast a short glance on objects new,
Then ignorant of woe.

But O how dear to memory is
That ever blessed morn,
When I, a child of earth, was to
My heavenly Father born !—

When faith's strong hand the promise seiz'd,
And brought my conscience peace,
Through a propitious Saviour's blood,
And bade my sorrows cease.

Pardon and joy I felt ; I knew
The Godhead reconcil'd ;
And read my title clear to heaven,
As God's adopted child !

Sing, O my soul, his wondrous grace :
The *hand* that then bestow'd
Blessings unmerited on thee,
Still keeps thee in the road.

Though *narrow* is the way to bliss ;
In him thou grace canst find,
Steadfastly to maintain thy fight,
And leave the world behind.

If *here* my life protracted be,
Through many circling years,
And I in *age* be call'd to leave
This gloomy vale of tears,

O may my soul till then *believe*
In *Christ* her only stay :
And rest upon his arm, until
I've won the well-fought day.

Then, when the sky-writ summons comes,
My soul shall cross the flood
With joy triumphant, and shall be
For ever with my God !

Mary Helen Bingham.

June 12th. This day I have completed my fifteenth year, and commenced my sixteenth, but may not live to see the close of it. How I should rejoice before the return of this my natal day to be worshiping and adoring before the celestial throne : but if this should not be my lot, may I, at each return, be higher in grace—fuller of love—and increasingly prepared for my heavenly portion. I am continually thirsting for, and aspiring after, more of the fullness of God—his unfathomable sea of love. My *present* poor attainments bring heavenly happiness to my ransomed soul. While I view the early dawn and rising sun—and hear the harmony of hundreds of little choiristers and the humming insects—and watch the setting sun send forth his golden beams, and tip the horizon with

refulgent dye—the moon rising in peerless splendour—and the stars twinkling with radiance brighter than the most costly diamond—and listen to the evening gale, my heart fills with delightful joy, and I exclaim “*My Father made them all.*” Glory! Glory! be to thee, O God!

June 15th. In my course of reading this morning, I read the four last psalms, in which the words “Praise ye the Lord” occur so frequently. Day and night this is the language of my happy soul. What abundant cause I have to praise God for his abundant love to one so unworthy. I have been enabled this week to live nearer to God, banishing worldly things more fully from my mind. How interesting my communion with the Trinity; but it may be stronger. Twelve months ago, while exercising faith in the atonement of Christ, these words were spoken to my heart: “I will be thou clean.” Glory be to God! from that to the present time, I have had the witness of being a sanctified child of God. I have retained it by simple faith, casting my weakness on Christ, trusting in him for strength, and the power which he has imparted has enabled me to retain it, and through this I shall keep it to the end. But “God forbid that I should glory.” Mine is not the glory of boasting, but a calm, silent, celestial peace, with a joyful anticipation of my eternal rest. When will the veil be drawn aside, and these eyes “*Behold the king in his beauty?*” I long to declare “*I have fought the good fight,*” and leave this poor body, and soar to my Redeemer. I have still reason to believe that my continuance in this world will be short. My disorder appears beyond all human skill

to remove. It is probable that my days will soon be closed by consumption. May God grant that my career may be short, but bright.

June 22nd. My ransomed soul! be vigorous this morning in proclaiming the praises of thy beneficent Creator; the love of him who laid down his life for thee; and to wash thee from all sin in his blood: and hath saved thee with such a glorious salvation. This morning I feel peace, and happiness, and increasing gratitude to God. A christian's joys—the silent heaven of love—the small still voice of Jehovah in the heart—and the response of praise to him, are too sublime for description: but Hallelujah! that ever I experienced a plenitude of love. While many, I fear, throughout the parish, are devoting this day to gluttony and all kinds of wickedness, I hold in this my chamber a feast superior to theirs: I have the bread of life, and water from the wells of salvation. How happy is the christian's lot! Time rolls rapidly along, and is bearing me forward to a long wished for eternity. Days and months fly swiftly, and my days are as a post, but I shall soon be landed on a shore of ineffable delight, and view the new Jerusalem in her splendour, the temple of the living God. Haste the happy moment of dismissal! Religion fortifies the mind, and enables its possessor to desire that, at the thought of which the strongest sinners often tremble. To my Redeemer be eternal praise. I heard a funeral sermon this evening for a member of our society who left a bright testimony and fell asleep in Jesus. I was much affected with hearing them sing “Happy soul, thy days are ended, &c.” Death has lately aimed his unerring shaft at

very many near us. A gay young person (a distant relation of mine) has resigned her fleeting breath: and may I not be the next that unerring wisdom may call away? How necessary to live prepared for death.

June 29th. Another week of my happy life has passed away, and I am so much nearer eternity. Surely I may with Isaiah call upon rocks, vallies, and mountains to break forth into singing, and aid me to praise him by whom I have been created, redeemed, and sanctified. Where God reigns in the heart unrivalled, uncontroled, there is a constant sense of acceptance—constant peace, often rising to unutterable joy—and prayer, gratitude, and praise, fail not:—in storms of trial or temptation, the soul is sheltered beneath his wing, or dwells in the haven of love, and rejoices in the anticipation of future glory. Blessed is he who receives this salvation: *doubly blessed* is he who ardently pants for more, and presses after it, feeling he can triumph over sin and death, the grave and hell: through grace denying worldly pleasures any access to his heart: dead to

“Its idle pomp, and fading joys.”

But *thrice* blessed is the person who is thus devoted to God, and saved by almighty grace, in his youth. I have greater need than ever for circumspection, consequently for an increase of grace. I should suppose that few young christians are circumstanced as I am at the present. A * * * * *
* * * * *
but as my day, so shall my strength be.

July 2nd. I have this day parted with dear Mr. and Mrs. B. and Miss W. probably to see each other's face in the flesh no more. With dear Mrs. B. I have often taken sweet counsel. How my mind recurs to the happy seasons we have had together; and sighs for one more. O what I feel when I think of the tokens of love which they have left: but these make separation more painful. They are gone! We are parted!—Hope whispers—perhaps not for ever. One day we may meet where parting grief will be over. My friends! My dear friends! may we meet in heaven.

The following lines were presented by Miss B. to her friend, when taking leave:

TO MRS. B. ON LEAVING C.

Adieu! my dearest friend, adieu!

We must pronounce—farewell:

May choicest blessings rest on you,

As heaven's soft descending dew,

Where'er your lot to dwell.

Although on earth we're call'd to part,

And we may meet no more;

Yet still in Jesus one in heart,

The thought removes grief's pointed dart,

And heals my sorrows o'er.

I soon no more shall view your face,
Distance of land between ;
Yet memory will your love retrace,
And bow me at a throne of grace,
Where nought can intervene.

There, where no mortal eye can view
The feelings of my breast ;
Then dearest friend I'll pray for you,
With friendship's bond, most pure and true,
Sincere and unexpress'd.

O may we each, long as we live,
The mystic union prove,
With him who did so freely give
His life, by which we both receive,
A plenitude of love.

Then each will join the blood-bought band,
On Canaan's happy shore :
With crowns upon our heads shall stand,
For ever at our God's right hand,
And meet to part no more.

Mary Helen Bingham.

July 4th. Another medical person has declared that my disorder is not a decline, and is treating me in a different way : but at present I am no better, and some of the worst symptoms are gaining upon me, such as great difficulty of breathing—loss of appetite and debility—but I am happy in mind, and willing to leave all sublunary things.

July 6th. My mind has been greatly blessed this day. My communion with God has been more intimate—my peace abundant—and my consolation great, although I have an afflicted body. By grace I have been enabled to rise in holiness; and my prospects of the future brighten, while the world and its allurements fade. I trust my heart is fixed for ever on the rock of ages. My time glides happily away, and with tears of joy I contemplate what I now experience, and *what I shall enjoy for ever*. Hallelujah! now and for evermore.

What glory beamed upon my soul this morning, while on my bended knees I offered my praises to my heavenly Father, for my present enjoyments; exulting in a crucified Redeemer over my foes, and claiming the heavenly kingdom. How can my gratitude sufficiently flow for such a throne of grace accessible to me!

July 10th. Have had a fear of relaxing in my pursuit of holiness, while afflicted; feeling myself weak, restless, and in much pain. But the promise runs "*As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.*" I feel resigned, and rejoicing, and can take these as tokens of a glorious release from this vale of tears. But while I am spared, I pant to live continually to God alone. He abundantly blesses me: I rejoice in him. I trust that

"I soon shall view his open face,
On all his glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever see."

July 13th. ETERNITY! Sublime theme! Awful to the wicked, but pleasing to the righteous. While reading Mr. Wesley's sermon on this subject, in the morning, my mind was much impressed with the importance of a full and constant preparation; as in one moment our state may be unalterably fixed for ever. I find, notwithstanding all past and present manifestations, I still need more. I want to give more evidence to the world, that my heart is fixed on things above, by my conversation being more holy: not that I am condemned for improper conformity to the world, or spending my time in "*vain babblings*;" nevertheless, I desire that more fully "all I have and all I am, may magnify my Maker's name." My theme is, and I trust will be "*Praise the Lord, O my soul! while I live I will praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God, while I have a being.*" How infinitely happy am I in the God who made heaven and earth! Firmer than the foundation of the ANDES is the ground of my redemption—acceptance—and claim to the everlasting hills: yes, I rest upon the bleeding Lamb. My attendants (ministering spirits) are more glorious than the guards or pages of the most magnificent monarchs. But what am I who thus am honoured? I am astonished! while I declare it—a poor unworthy mortal.

July 20th. The service of God is perfect freedom. I feel that I am advancing in grace; and O that I could say rapidly drawing nearer to my consummation of bliss! I can express my experience this week, in St. Paul's words: "*I live! yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.*" What blessed portions of meat I daily find in

my bible, and seasons of refreshing in prayer. All praise and glory to my heavenly father, for inclining me to seek him while young. Several times during the last week I have had this promise applied : "*Thy eyes shall see the king in his beauty and behold the land that is very far off*" *Isaiah xxxiii. 17.* May I steadfastly fix my eye of faith on the great reward, and persevere continually, fighting the good fight, and receive my God's approving smile. But amid all my enjoyments, and views, and desires, I feel that

"I nothing have, I nothing am,
My treasure is the bleeding Lamb,
Both now and evermore."

Death seems very near to me, and must soon take place, unless there be speedily an improvement in my health. I have not any cough, but appear to be gradually becoming weaker, with all the symptoms of the second stage of a consumption. The Lord *may* see good after trying me a little to restore me again.

July 22nd. I have had a blessed time at the class meeting this evening : it was heaven on earth. I think that I never felt so much before. I find that great effort is necessary to keep pride out of my heart when my attainments are presented to me, in the manner they have been, by the enemy, this evening : but, praise the Lord ! I see the danger, and obtain strength to resist. "*Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.*" After this admonition, I found encouragement in the declaration "*I the Lord have chosen thee, and will uphold thee by the right hand of*"

my righteousness." May I ever cleave to my Redeemer's bleeding side: then all will be well. I feel that I am weak and frail; liable to fall, but omnipotence is my support. I felt much to-night, when my dear father, after hearing me and my brother declare our experience, most feelingly blessed God for our salvation, and the prospect of parents and children singing redeeming love through eternity; while my mother, on the other side of the room, by her sighs and assents, testified that she felt the same.

August 17th. During the lapse of time since my last entry I have been from home, at a relation's, and have had the privilege of attending the conference at SHEFFIELD. I heard Dr. Adam Clarke, and several of our eminent ministers. I was present when the young ministers related their conversion, and testified their call to the ministry &c: and also on the following evening when they were solemnly questioned, and publicly admitted into full connexion; after which they were appropriately and feelingly addressed by the Doctor. How interesting the subject and the scene! upwards of three hundred ministers of Christ; some of the veterans with hoary locks; others in the meridian of life; and others of more youthful appearance assembled together: all believing in one Lord; living by one faith; and pursuing one object, the salvation of souls. I had many seasons of blessing and refreshing; yet, on the whole, so much novelty as I witnessed dissipated my mind too frequently, and prevented that close and constant communion with my God which I love to feel. Praise the Lord! after permitting me to behold the venerable ministers of the religious body to

which I am united—to bear of the increase of souls converted at home and abroad—and to discover more of the vanity of the world, he has brought me again to my retired and peaceful home, to meditate upon, and praise him for the manifestations of his power and glory, which I have heard and seen. My heavenly Father, still sees it good that I should have a debilitated body. His will be done. I view health as a blessing, but am so content with my portion, that my mind is happy. I am much relieved from violent pain. Debility—shortness of breath—and pain, at intervals, are now my chief afflictions. My appetite has suddenly changed and become most craving; but the weakness of the internal organs will only admit of my taking small quantities of food: even this produces pain and sickness. I sweetly anticipate that

“Shrinking from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet:
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my father’s God to meet.”

I am endeavouring by the assistance of grace, to live constantly prepared, so that at night I can retire without fearing the sleep of death; yea, hail its approach with joy; and can rise, and without trembling recollect, that rising sun may be to me the last; and view the thread of life as being brittle, and long to be a disembodied spirit. O death! where is thy sting? I am conqueror through my beloved! How precious his love to me. What joy, when he shall receive me to

himself, and present me to the Father, and crown me with everlasting life; yea, what transport shall I feel. During the last few days, my soul has been prospering: The Lord be praised!

August 21st. For these two days past, I have been troubled with wandering thoughts: but to day have had my mind more fixed on my chief delight and aim. O that I could more rapidly advance in holiness, and feel more sensibly the presence of my God, my joy and glory! I have felt a strong desire to night to walk by moon-light, and almost longed for my former health and strength. While viewing that orb send forth its rays with uncommon brightness, with all the beautiful shades cast by earthly objects; and the calmness of the air enabling me to hear the bells of a distant church, ringing with much sweetness, and softened by the distance; I began to think of that land, where neither sun nor moon will be needed, but "*the Lord shall be an everlasting light, and God the glory;*" and where celestial music will sound the glories to which I aspire. Then I could rejoice, and bid adieu to health, life, friends, and the world with all its toys; and "long to behold him arrayed with glory and light from above."

Such was the poor state of Miss B.'s health at this time, that her parents judged it necessary for her to go from home, hoping that change of air, &c. would prove beneficial to her. Her *attachment* to CROMFORD, where she obtained such special favours from the Lord, has been previously stated, and will not excite surprise in those who are young, nor even those in life's decline, who vividly remember, and with

plastic affections fondly recur to—dwell upon—and reluctantly quit in imagination or converse, their first visits and impressions—their early pursuits and associates. Miss B. was equally capable of receiving and retaining an impression; therefore the prospect of re-visiting *that* place, and beholding again the romantic features of nature in its vicinity; and entering (as she writes on the 30th of August, 1822,) “*every place of prayer*,” &c. would doubtless prove a great inducement to effort, and to endure the fatigue of travelling, though in a debilitated state. Miss B. reached Cromford on the 29th of August, and left it on the 24th of September, and after spending a day at Derby, returned to Hague Lane. Her visit to C. though highly gratifying to her feelings, did not contribute to the restoration of her health. But how different her feelings, how superior her enjoyments, in these circumstances, to those of some young persons when declining in health, and experiencing the inefficacy of a change of scenery, air, and regimen; who have used in vain those BETHESDAS to which others have applied with entire success. These *then* find that the *light* of youth, custom, and fashion; which was the medium of vision, and the sphere of a sportive imagination, exciting anticipations of unmingled pleasure, while throwing its meridian rays over regions which in prospect were delightfully interesting, and apparently boundless, *now* becoming feeble, contracts their range of vision, and by its flickering rays produces an increasing gloom, rendering every thing indistinct, and confused, and unsatisfactory. Their *joy*, which lingered from desire to be reinstated,

leaves the heart; *hope*, chilled by *disappointment*, no longer serves as a staff to *desire*; *courage* and *fortitude*, forsaken by *hope*, deem it vain to contend and endure; *despondency* succeeds to their post, exclaiming "*miserable comforters are ye all*;" and *despair* invokes the foe from which they lately fled, declaring that he is now their best, their only friend. The case of such individuals should arrest the attention and excite the sympathies of the pious. With what soothing tenderness and christian fidelity, the admonition should be given to these :

"Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best; but oft a spear:
On its sharp point, peace bleeds and hope expires:"

mildly expostulating with them in the language of the prophet:—"Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" Why is not spiritual health sought and obtained? Behold "the wells of salvation!—the water springing up to everlasting life." Be encouraged! Drink, and thirst no more.

Miss B. returned from Cromford to Hague Lane, happy in God. After being at home a few days, she accepted an invitation to visit some friends at Howden, in Yorkshire. She reached Howden on the fifteenth of October, and left it on the fifteenth of November, and returned to her parents, considerably improved in health. Extracts from her diary, while at these places, will shew her religious experience.

September 1st. I arrived at Cromford on the twenty-ninth ult. O what I feel in being permitted to re-visit this beloved place where I made a choice never to be repented of, giving myself to my Creator and Redeemer. With what heart-felt pleasure I recal those days, and praise my God that ever I had a being. Yesterday was a good day to my soul, though suffering in body. What peace, joy, and happiness in religion when the soul is conscious of the divine approval; all within bowing to Jesus. My soul is striving for an increase of grace, feeling its continued dependance on Christ, not daring to rest satisfied with yesterday's supply. Heaven is extremely desirable to me. I long, I long to be there. The prospect brightens. I feel transported with delight in the prospect of quitting this cumbrous clay, and of proclaiming on immortal shores, "*Blessing and honour and glory and power*" to him who redeemed me. My health appears to be getting worse; but affliction gives ardour to my wishes. Rejoicing I exclaim

"And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high."

September 16th. I am ashamed of such a chasm in my diary, but many things have occurred (being from home) to prevent my writing regularly: nevertheless, I have proved, during this time, my God to be a God of love—religion inexpressibly sweet—and the presence of Jesus heaven below. How exhilarating and trans-

porting the joys with which my heavenly Father has deigned to bless me! How sweetly these words occurred to my mind when I awoke this morning:

“There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day-excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.”

That promise in Isaiah xxxiii. 17. follows me. What strength it gives to my glorious hope. How gladly would I relinquish life, and die to behold his glory. O my God! all thy manifestations of love to thine unworthy creature lead my soul to desire the accomplishment of this promise—the consummation of my wishes which are centred in thee.

My health is rather worse, though the air of this place is considered salubrious. My appetite is bad. —expectoration considerable, with cold clammy sweats, and a degree of hectic fever. Several persons have informed me that they think I am in a decline. The first inflammation of my lungs affected them so much that they are now ulcerated. Be it so, I can still say happy! happy! I have been reading the large edition of Madam Guion's life. She certainly lived very near to God, but there is too much mysticism.

September 19th. I felt my spiritual strength much renewed at class last night. I want to be more filled with God, and to have my whole heart absorbed in him whom I love, that earthly things may have less influence, and nothing, even for a moment, be able to hide my beloved from my sight. He is mine, and I am

his. What a blessed relation. My Saviour! "Thee I can love and thee alone, with pure delight and inward bliss." Thou art my all-sufficient good for time and eternity.

September 27th. I have reached my native home much fatigued. What abundant mercies I have experienced since I left this place. The Lord blessed me in my going out, and kept me and brought me back in safety. I feel much of his presence, and am happy in him.

October 19th. Howden. In compliance with an invitation from Mrs. B. I have again left my parents and home (perhaps never to return) and committing myself to God, reached this place on the fifteenth instant, less fatigued than I expected. I feel a fresh determination to devote my days, whether many or few, to my Redeemer; pursuing my way, holy and unblamable, living above all earthly things. I was much blessed this morning: the divine presence appeared to surround me with a serenity and sweetness like the delightful zephyrs of a summer's evening, which inspire even the carnal with a peaceful yet transitory calm. Only a thin veil to the bodily eye (through which the eye of faith could pierce), seemed to separate me from the joys of disembodied spirits—the bosom of my Redeemer—and a bright and starry crown. Softly, but ardently, do the breathings of my soul, ascend to my God. O that my course was run, that my weak body, like yon glorious orb before me, might now sink and set in the arms of death, to come forth at that glorious morn, incorruptible, and join my happy spirit, which so soon in life would have gained the blessed

shore. My rising soul exults in the transporting prospect of such bliss.

October 24th. In reading Mrs. Fletcher's life, I have felt abased by the views which I had of my unworthiness—short comings—and little progress in grace: though I could praise God for the past—rejoice in him for the present—and trust him for the future, claiming him as my everlasting father and friend. I saw my fault—a want of greater earnestness and vigour. I awoke in the night with these words on my mind: "*Arise, shine; thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.*" I arose, and was enabled to plead with God for a deeper baptism of the Spirit. How I pant for more holiness. Heavenly Father! supply all my need according to thy riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

November 6th. One year this day my dear aunt has, I trust, been in a better world; and frequently have I thought that before this day, my disembodied spirit would have joined hers in proclaiming our Redeemer's praise: but I am still spared. Yesterday twelve months I was taken ill, but partially recovered in the winter: in the spring I relapsed again; and now that winter has commenced, I am recovering a little. I feel a desire that the Lord would raise me, and make me a blessing to my parents; but this is in submission to his will; and at times, seems overcome by longings for immortality. Jesus is precious, and immortality preferable to mortality: but all my appointed days will I wait until my change come. My soul has prospered this week: my mind is more conversant with heavenly things—the language of Canaan more

familiar—and my enjoyment greater. O that my lengthened life may shew forth his praise—my renewed bodily strength be spent to his glory—and all my invigorated faculties be exerted in running my christian race, with increasing rapidity and joy. May each succeeding day find me living in closer union with my God—every thought more hallowed—every wish more resigned—and every aspiration of my heart more grateful to God.

November 9th. I have this morning received intelligence from home of the death of an uncle in London; but am not informed whether there was hope in his death. I was much affected; but would indulge an hope, that, when through my Redeemer's merits, I reach the blessed shore, I shall meet him with others who were allied to me. I can rejoice in the thought of *there* finding ancestors and relations who departed this life, before and since I entered the world. We have a ticket which my great grand-father received when methodism had recently commenced. Several of our family have left testimonies that they are gone to Jesus. May I be faithful; then I shall soon follow them.

November 11th. I see more beauty in, and feel more the necessity of humility; of that heavenly frame of mind, which renders us more suitable recipients of the divine image and likeness. I trust that by grace I am running the race set before me, holding the faith delivered to the saints, and bearing a similar testimony to the power of divine grace. I want body and soul, mind, memory, and will, more fully sanctified and devoted to God. My soul breaks out in strong desire

for a more sweet, deep, and uninterrupted intercourse with God. I want to prove unexperienced heights and depths of that love which passeth knowledge. Eternal Father! I see my danger: keep me from slumbering on my arms—from being at ease in Zion. Continually assimilate me to thyself, and ripen me for that inexpressible glory, prepared through the Redeemer, and which, sooner or later, *will be my portion*. Glory be to thee, O my God!

November 16th. Hague Lane. Yesterday, in restored health, I was brought again to my beloved parents and home. Here in my closet, I again raise my ebenezer to my God, the author of all my mercies; who has preserved me in my going out, and coming in, with my health and vigour in a measure restored. The morning of life, and the agility of youth, I solemnly devote to him; resolved by the strength of grace, to employ my days to his glory, and with greater speed to run my spiritual race. Glory be to his holy name! I can here testify that I have a clear evidence of his pardoning love—sanctifying influences—and a firm and unshaken title to, and a delightful anticipation of eternal glory.

November 20th. At this gloomy season of the year, when all nature droops and withers—when the genial sun, during his short stay, is veiled by thick fogs or dense atmospheres—the songsters of the grove, cease their lays, and sit in mournful silence—shall I too cease to celebrate the praises of my God, and hang my harp upon the willows? Is my Sun of Righteousness withdrawn? or are his visits shortened like those of the natural sun? O, no! Do thou then, my happy

soul, while in possession of that which makes *November* as pleasant as *May*, be vigorous and constant in thy responses of prayer and praise to that great, grand, and sublime deity, who is ever propitious, and constantly blessing thee with all temporal and spiritual good.

November 23rd. I trust that I am continually going forward, stimulated by his amazing love to me. I bless the Lord, he keeps me in perfect peace, and sweetly stays my mind upon him; weaned from earth and earthly things. He is the supreme object of my love. I find substantial joy and happiness in him. Through the merit of a crucified Redeemer, my soul claims with humble boldness, an immortal wreath of light—an inheritance among the saints in paradise: looking upward it says .

“There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.”

Amidst all the communications of love, and of that heaven which surrounds me, I have the assurance that God is waiting to impart an increase here, and the full fruition hereafter. I can retire in conscious security, and sink in sleep (the image of death), for his everlasting arms are around me. I live continually under a sense of his heavenly protection.

November 28th. I have been indisposed this day or two, but my heavenly Father is again blessing me with a measure of health. There are two persons added to our class; and on Tuesday night one member, with two

persons from another village, declared the conscious experience of the remission of sins. I am prospering; but my progress is too slow. I am enabled to resign all to God, and to go forth in his might against all my enemies, rising superior to them, longing to proclaim his praise in heaven for evermore. Days are too short to declare his praise.

November 30th. Another month of my life, together with another sabbath, is now closing upon me: time is swiftly carrying me to a glorious eternity. This morning I took a review of my experience during the last twelve months, contrasting my state of mind, and examining my improvement in grace. I was nearly overwhelmed with a sense of the blessings bestowed upon me by JEHOVAH. What an highly-favoured happy life is vouchsafed me. *"I will extol thee, O God my king! and I will bless thy name for ever and ever. Every day will I bless thee, and praise thy name."* How indescribable the happiness arising from following on to know the Lord. His grandeur fills me with sacred awe: the manifestations of his love constitute my happiness. O for language more expressive to declare the assimilating operations of the Spirit on my poor heart. I am enabled to drink deeper, yet I want still more. I feel grateful for the comforts of life, health, friends, &c. yet my happy soul is so saved from having a supreme regard for any of these, that I rather consider them as emblems of something better prepared for me in heaven. The bright luminaries of the firmament speak Jehovah's praise, and bring to my mind that I shall be as *"the sun, when going forth in his strength,"* in my Father's

kingdom; where the sun and moon will not be needed, the Lamb being its light. The inferior planets, which shine with dazzling, though borrowed purity and lustre, proclaim that I, in like manner, receive light, and life, and glory, from the great source, "*the Father of lights*," who is my centre, round whom I revolve: but on the final day, when their bright rays are extinguished, mine will be increased, and gloriously shine through eternity. Fine weather, when nature is all lovely, suggests ideas of the new earth and heaven, the inheritance of the saints:—flourishing trees, of the never-fading trees of righteousness:—howling winds and beating tempests, loudly say to me, there is a land where storms and tempests never rise, nor angry billows roar; where all is peace and rest. In all the confidence of faith, and hope, I call *that country mine*; and the infinite, the uncomprehended JEHOVAH, *my God* through the atonement of Jesus. Tears of joy fill my eyes. I feel at a loss how to describe the Redeemer's love: he is so precious; he is altogether lovely. I am reading BAXTER's *Saints' everlasting rest*, and feel much interested in his observations upon the nature, employments, and enjoyments of that rest. Glory be to thee, O Father! for the gift of thy son, through whom I receive a title to those mansions of felicity. I sigh to commence on a celestial harp the loved employment of proclaiming thy praises, and there enjoying thy smile for ever.

December 7th. Loving-kindness and mercy still follow me, and increasingly demand my utmost gratitude, my highest praise. I am daily desiring and endeavouring to be increasingly the Lord's. What

intense desire I feel, to be lost to all surrounding objects, in the enjoyment of my God. He is my constant joy—my spring of peace—my all in all, for ever. Prayer is such sweet work to me, that I can solemnly declare I have no enjoyment in any thing equal to what I find in leaving the world and its cares, and unbosoming my whole soul to my heavenly Father; imploring his grace, and claiming present salvation, and future happiness, through my Redeemer. This day or two, my mind has been unusually blessed while engaged in domestic concerns. I want every grace matured. I am increasing in grace, though slowly; and trust I am ripening for heaven. The end for which I have been raised from the gates of death, and spared, is, that I may be *more fully prepared* for glory. O that I may have finished my work, and fulfilled the designs of my heavenly Father, and be quite ready, when called hence.

December 14th. Another sabbath has passed away. I have had an emblem of that rest which shall not pass away, but be eternal. In the past week, I have been variously exercised; but assurance and joy have been my chief portion. The work of grace is deepening in my soul. I am following on to a deeper acquaintance with his love. I steer my course, viewing with delight, the rapidity of time which is bearing me to eternity, and for which, through Christ, I am prepared. His Spirit beareth witness with mine, that his blood has cleansed me from sin. O my Father! thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee supremely. I look forward with delight, to ages of felicity, in the full fruition of glory, on which I shall

enter, when I drop this cumbrous clay, depart in peace, and say to earth, Farewell!

December 18th. On Tuesday night, I heard a good sermon from part of the twenty-third Psalm: "*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, &c.*"—The value of a saving interest in the blood of Christ at death, and the christian's triumph, and immortal happiness, were beautifully expatiated upon. Glory be to thee my God! for that experience by which I know "*to live, is Christ; and to die, would be gain;*" and by which I feel assured that whether in life, or death's dark valley, or bright immortality, I am thine, and thou art with me: thy presence constitutes my heaven, and thou art my everlasting portion. I thirst for more of that river which maketh glad the city of God. At thy mercy-seat, I continually implore more of thy fulness, that I may feel thy mighty workings, and the overpowerings of thy presence. "In blessing thee with grateful songs, my happy life shall glide away." Lord! keep me faithful.

"Keep me from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free;—
Wholly to thyself devoted,
Fixt to live and die for thee."

December 25th. This day is the anniversary of the birth of my blessed Redeemer, in fashion as a man, for the amazing stupendous work of ransoming fallen man, from those depths of wretchedness into which he had sunk, and those still lower depths of misery to

which he was exposed: Yea, on this memorable day; the second person of the glorious Trinity, designed to veil himself in human flesh; to be despised; and acquainted with griefs, that we, that I, might live in glory. He humbled himself that I might be exalted; and assumed the form of a servant, that we might be conformed to his lovely image; and died, that we might live for ever, kings and priests unto God! O that my love and gratitude to him may abundantly increase, and all my powers be devoted to his service.

December 31st. Through the sparing mercy of my God, I now close the present year; And shall I be in the land of the living, to close *another year*? Important question, which I cannot answer; so precarious is the breath I draw. This has been a year of much indisposition; and apparently, at times, I have been near the gates of death. Death has been much in my thoughts, and I have been weaned from some things which I expected soon to leave; and, thus being refined from attachment to the things of time, my mind has been more fully fixed on that Jesus whom I love, and whom I expected soon to see. I am spared a little longer, to gain more spiritual strength before I go hence. It has been a year in which my soul has prospered, rising a few degrees higher in the love of God; but I feel in the midst of all, I am an unprofitable servant: I might have been further on my way. A deep solemnity rests on my mind; with a sweet peace, while I muse on the past and the present; for I am one year nearer my heavenly Canaan. With feelings of gratitude, I solemnly offer myself to my heavenly Father, as a reasonable sacrifice, willing now to close

my career; or if spared, to devote every faculty and energy to his service and glory. Thus I close the year 1823. Glory be to thee my God!

Thus Miss B. held on her way with increasing strength, effort, progress, and enjoyment, through the year 1823. Truly "*The path of the just is as the light of the sun, which shineth brighter and brighter to the perfect day.*" The expressions occurring at page 91, 'O that I had sought the Lord sooner;' and at page 89, 'I am a loiterer, a great loiterer,' do not appear to be common-place acknowledgements, in the absence of principle and feeling, or which only produce evanescent contrition, resolution, and effort. While she almost habitually coveted death, that she might launch into a blissful eternity, she was deeply sensible of the value of life; and was zealously faithful in improving time, "holding the fleet angel fast until he blessed her." Her conduct appeared a happy exception to the general censure, "men think all men mortal but themselves," and shewed a heart impressed with the truth of the following sentiment:

"By nature's law, what may be, may be now;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world."

Much of Miss B.'s success in spiritual attainments may, under the blessing of God, be attributed to her daily practice of *holy meditation*; in connexion with reading the scriptures, and prayer. By this means,

she more fully comprehended, and felt, and remembered the important truths which she read; and was stimulated to pray more earnestly and frequently from the full, present, and abiding conviction of her necessity: and felt encouraged, and emboldened to believe for what she asked, from the assurance obtained, that it was her privilege. While, without reading, there will be but little knowledge—and without prayer, no gracious principle nor religious enjoyment; so, even where these are attended to, *without holy meditation on serious subjects* (the Divine Being, his word, and the spiritual state of our own hearts) there will be but little recollection of what we read, of what we learn, or for what we pray:—but transient visits of divine influence, and but little fixedness of religious principle, and much less of maturity in grace. *Serious meditation*, in the light, and under the influence of the Holy Spirit, in connexion with reading and prayer, would tend to preserve us from taking superficial views of truths which are interestingly profound; from being satisfied with momentary moral feelings which ought to be formed into principles; and with solitary or occasional acts, which ought to be repeated till gracious habits are acquired and matured. It would also be a means of preserving us from indistinct comprehension and recollection—from the dissipation of mind and indifferency of soul to spiritual things, which frequently prevail; and from the hurry, anxiety, failure, loss, disappointment, suffering, and unavailing regret experienced by those who neglect the precept, “Man, know thyself: all wisdom centres there.”

It is possible for persons, especially the *young*, to have but little love for *home*, in a moral sense, and rarely to be found there; being so wholly engrossed by 'the spirit and manners of the age,' as to forget and neglect their own; committing themselves in conformity to 'public taste' to the current of opinion, and wafted forward by the breeze of *novelty* through the enchanting regions of *romance*, with a rapidity that renders the *ours* of *thought* superfluous, daring the dangers of *Scylla* and *Carybdis*, which, if they ultimately escape, they have only the prospect of becoming wind-bound and stationary in the cheerless *Lethe*.

What can it avail a person to be acquainted with the tinsel splendour of fictitious characters? or with the unnatural combinations exhibited in the monsters of *romance*, who are no part of God's workmanship—belong to no species of beings—nor actually occupy any place in either hemisphere of our earth, nor in any part of the wide universe?—monsters whose somniferous and pestiferous influence, finding access to the heart, through the medium of the eyes and ears, indisposes those whom it stupifies for the sober duties of rational and domestic life? yea, what can it, what would it profit us, were we even to give our undivided attention and admiration to the *beauties of creation*—to the sublime and wonderful in the works of God around us; gadding incessantly from object to object; if we neglect to "*meditate in his law day and night*," and forget to "*examine ourselves*?"

"On the vast ocean of God's *wonders* here,
We momentary bubbles ride,
Till crush'd by the tempestuous tide,
Sunk in the parent flood, we disappear :
We, who so gaudy on the waters shone,
Proud, like the showery bow, with beauties not our own"

May not some professing christians stand reproved by the sons of science, who assiduously acquire abstraction of mind from objects and subjects foreign to their favourite pursuits, in order to give these an undivided and close attention? Equal effort, in the fear of God, for abstraction of mind, from the world—for more intimate acquaintance with God and themselves, their duty and privilege; comparing their actions with the given rule, and weighing their motives in the balances of the sanctuary; would lead christians to results, eternally interesting, honourable, and beneficial: while, alas! the mere philosopher may

"look wondrous wise,
And equal chains of thought devise.
His mind, intent on mighty schemes,
Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims;
And diagrams he draws to explain
The learn'd chimeras of his brain;
And with imaginary wisdom proud,
Thinks of the goddess while he clips the cloud."

The following is the first entry in Miss B.'s journal, in the year 1824.

January 5th, 1824. During several days past, I have felt a deepening of the work of grace, in a particular manner: a sweet unbounded freedom of spirit, and an exalted feeling, which raised my mind above surrounding objects. At first, the enemy wanted to persuade me that it was careless apathy; but the Lord in his goodness discovered this to me, as being a temptation. I can truly say that my path is brightening to the perfect day. I walk in the unclouded light of his approving countenance. My peace is as a river: but it may deepen and widen. Day and night, my bounding heart owns the Saviour's sway, and echoes to his voice. I know not how to describe one hour's enjoyment of his love; or the sweetness of his blessed service: Did I say *service*? that seems to imply something which lessens joy; but no, it cannot lessen it, as it is a near union with him—a following him; treading in his footsteps, in holiness and righteousness, with an increasing meetness for his eternal kingdom.

January 11th. Felt rather low this morning. I was tempted to conclude that my present state of religious attainment, is not equal to former times: but I heard a sermon, in which my state was described. While hearing it, the Sun of Righteousness arose, and dissipated the clouds, and shone with unimpeded lustre on my soul. I *must* have the intercourse kept open, betwixt God and my soul. I have a longing desire for God; and can appeal to him, and say "*whom have I in heaven but thee.*" I was almost ready to mourn, a few days ago, while thinking that, before another year commenced, were I spared, sixteen years of my

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or attendance on ceremonies, but a satisfying portion—a continued peace—a sovereign balm for all diseases—a consolation under all trials—a support in death—and a passport to regions of eternal felicity. I anticipate with delight a deeper baptism of the Spirit, and, sooner or later, an entrance into heaven through my Redeemer.

January 23rd. Time, in its rapid flight, bears away my days and hours : and shortly, time with me will be no longer. How can it be, that the trifles of earth, which I do not love, nor even regard, should so insensibly steal upon my mind, and rob thee my Redeemer, of so much of my thoughts. Carry on thy work, and expel them from thy temple, and keep it ever clean. Constantly renew my purification, by the continued application of thy all-atoning blood. Deign to keep me holy and happy, until my disembodied spirit appears before thee ; and with seraph's tongue, ascribes, in celestial anthems, glory, honour, and salvation to the Lamb. I languish to escape from these trammels of flesh : but would employ life, in preparing for higher degrees of glory.

January 27th. I rejoice exceedingly, constantly, and I trust increasingly, in my God. My heaven-born soul, delighting in his love, struggles to declare in more expressive language, my life of delights, through and in a crucified Redeemer : but here I fail. How shall I declare his love—his promises of aid in death, and of eternal felicity ? I cannot : but I can say, "*God is love.*" : Leaning on his arm ; deriving support from it, I leave the world, I trust, unpolluted and unsullied by its cares. But O, the hope of heaven, and the pledge

of one day realizing all I now believe for: it fills and elevates my mind above all earthly joys. Then I

“Shall view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see,
And gaze, transported at the sight,
Through all eternity.”

February 1st. Have been in heaviness the latter part of last week: a cloud rested upon me, and I felt distraction of mind. Every petition offered, and every meditation formed, seemed instantly lost; while my soul remained cold and barren. At times I felt relieved and blessed; but the unpleasant feeling soon returned. Yet I had the peace of confidence and assurance, and could say “*Nevertheless thou art still with me: thou hast holden me by my right hand: thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and receive me to glory.*” This day I feel blessed and elevated with joy in my Redeemer, exceedingly happy under the cheering influences of the Spirit, and fixed on the firm basis of my Saviour’s atonement. Sing praises! Sing praises! Hail blessed morn! when I shall awake to a life of celestial happiness. O, heavenly Father! keep me till then a meek, humble, sincere follower of the Lamb withersoever he goeth. When the thoughts present themselves that growing years will add more worldly cares; bring more of its thorns; and expose me to the dangerous paths of youth; and other objects present themselves to win my heart and its affections from its present heavenly object, and lessen that love which ascends from a whole and undivided heart to God, I

am ready to ask who shall guide and preserve me from such snares and temptations? and feel ready to say, O God remove me before such years and days draw nigh: prepare and take me to thyself. But why thus timorous? Jehovah will guide me in all my paths; keep me his on earth, and triumphantly receive me to glory. Hosannas in the highest! proclaim his praise, and bless his holy name!

February 7th. The sun has performed his daily task, and sunk in the west: darkness has covered the face of nature as with a mantle of gloom: birds and cattle have retired to rest; and man is resigning his cares; except those whose deeds are dark, and seek the veil of night to cover their atrocities. But in this still hour, before I close my eyes, I will ascribe praise to the eternal Jehovah, and declare that his goodness is continually extended to me. In his strength I entered on the labours of the day; have joyfully performed them; and close them, happy in his love. I have felt closer union with my Maker and Redeemer, the latter part of this week. I long, I pant, for the fruition of glory.

February 15th. The little choristers of the grove are rejoicing in the light of the sun, and warbling the praises of their maker, who, though they toil not, nor gather into barns, daily supplieth them with food by his beneficent hand. And shall not my soul, yea does it not rejoice in the day spring of immortality, with which it is favoured? But are its hymns of praise to God and tokens of inward rejoicing so constant and continued as they might be? O no! I am not perfect, lacking nothing. In every thing I want establishing,

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mother, though apparently near to death, has made her peace with God, and now testifies the experience of pardon; though till lately, she did not believe it possible in this world. What cause of rejoicing! that at the eleventh hour, the Lord should save her soul. Glory be to thee my God! for this great instance of thy loving kindness and mercy.

April 11th. I desire to know nothing but Christ crucified, and "to prove his utmost salvation, his fulness of love." I feel that I love him with my whole heart, and long for that day when he will be unveiled to my sight; when I shall be where he is to behold his glory. He will bless me with my heart's desire. Thou all-seeing and eternal ЖЕHOVAH knowest that I desire no other knowledge—seek no other good—and desire no other love than thine. I am one of the redeemed returning to Zion with joy on my head; and through the strength of imparted grace, by patient continuance in well doing, I shall reach my eternal home. Praise! Praise!

April 16th. *Good Friday.* On this memorable day my Saviour was rejected, despised, blasphemed, and numbered amongst transgressors; suffering the torture inflicted by wicked men and devils; enduring inexpressible agonies, even unto death; giving his life a ransom for all. Thus he voluntarily laid down his life to purchase for rebels—to purchase for *me*, life and salvation; yea a glorious kingdom. He suffered, that by his passion and death, I might be redeemed unto himself, and be cleansed, and finally presented faultless, with exceeding joy; and that I might live and reign partaker of his throne. Those

pangs which he suffered in the garden, and on the cross, procured the blessings which descend upon his followers. How he prayed, when almost overwhelmed by his sufferings ! And will not those prayers which he offered, signed with his blood, be answered ? O yes ! and one day, I, in the new Jerusalem, with the ten thousand times ten thousand, shall sing "*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.*"

April 18th. *Easter Sunday.* Conquered now are sin, and death, and hell ! for Christ is risen, and has obtained a complete victory, and opened a new and living way through the rent veil of his flesh. Having overcome, he has ascended to everlasting glory, and sat down on his throne, requiring us to follow in the way which he prepared. I find, according to his word, my way to heaven is through crucifixion and resurrection. Praise his name ! the body of sin is crucified ; the lusts of the flesh nailed to the cross and entombed : and I have risen with him, that I might live a life of righteousness and true holiness. Being planted in the likeness of his death, I shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection. I would follow him more closely in all things, and be increasingly conformed to his image, that I may be perfect in him ; one with him, even as he is one with the Father. I feel that my Saviour has conquered my latest enemies ; and soon shall I, having finished my course, joyfully appear with him in glory. May I be faithful !

April 20th. Two years ago to day, my heavenly Father sealed a pardon on my heart, and gave me an

assurance of adoption into the family of heaven. I want quickening and filling with all the life of love, that I may live more sensibly in God, and experience a closer union with him. I want a deeper peace—a more holy joy—a more lively faith: then shall I more constantly and clearly behold the Lamb that was offered for me; and through him, I shall view the Father. Hitherto the Lord omnipotent has kept me; and I trust he will be my keeper to my latest hour; and that in my dying hour, I shall testify his grace and love, and reign with him for ever.

April 25th. Glory to God! for the enlightening influences of his Spirit bestowed on unworthy me. When I arose this morning, my mind seemed vacant and unfixed. I mourned on account of it, and prayed that the Lord would shew me the cause. Glory be to him for revealing it to me while in private. I see that while I have been endeavouring to fulfil the calls of duty, in attending to temporal things, my mind has been too much occupied with them. Unconsciously I have given them too much of my thoughts, and have not lived so dead to the things of time, and so alive to the things of eternity, as I ought: therefore my heavenly Father could not communicate to me so freely and abundantly as before, until he had convinced me of the cause, and enabled me to resume again, with diligence and delight, my life of entire devotedness to him.

May 2nd. How insignificant appears all created good: yea, all the beauties of creation, though lovely in their nature, appear as shadows. I admire them, but they cannot satisfy me. Nothing but the love of

my Redeemer, and the beatific vision, can fill or claim my heart. He calls me to leave these created things, and walk with him in gardens of his love—to be solaced with heavenly fruits—and to eat meat with which the world is unacquainted. I feel my bounding heart obeys his voice; owns him as its Lord; and leaving all sublunary things, enjoys a heavenly peace in union with the Lord of life and glory. O my God! thou hast declared I shall one day see thee as thou art: in thee do I put my trust. Thy word, thy promise, is firmer than the pillars of heaven, or the bars of the mighty deep: and fully relying on thy faithfulness, I rejoice in the prospect of soon quitting this world of allurements, which is vanity of vanities, for thy courts above, where, without interruption, I shall follow the Lamb. There my soul shall no longer gasp and seek for thee whom it loveth, in the glowing beauties of inanimate creation, which silently seem to say, *We* are not *He*: we are only specimens of his power, greatness, and goodness. O, if thy works are so grand, what must be the heavens where thou reignest in unclouded majesty and glory? What must be that bright abode prepared for thy saints? Rejoice O my soul abundantly and contemplate the possession of such glory through the blood of the Lamb.

May 5th. What beauty in holiness! How admirable and lovely: and this may be received and enjoyed in the present life. What flowers of rich perfume, and delicious fruits of grace, are gathered by those who follow the Lord, holding sweet converse with him. Glories after glories burst upon the view of the soul as it advances in holiness, changed into the Saviour's

image, from glory into glory. How refreshing the plenteous dews of his Spirit! and how bright the starry crown glitters through the skies! How sweet! when conscious of progress, approaching to maturity in grace. O my God! how much remains in thy immensity of love to be bestowed upon and enjoyed by all thy sincere followers.

May 9th. My heart is fixed upon and filled with Jesus, whose love causes it to rise in rapture, and to fall in astonishment, while I contemplate the riches of his grace, and the glory that will be mine. An indescribable peace pervades my mind; and faith, hope, love, and gratitude struggle in my breast; and praise bursts from my tongue. I ardently long to go forward, till I take my last triumphant flight, and lose myself in his rays of glory.

May 16th. Truly O God, thy sabbaths are my delight. How happy I am in the choice of thee; free from all entanglements beneath, seeking and knowing no good but thee.

“Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten’d of her load,
And seeks the things above.”

I am happy in glimpses of glory—in foretastes of heaven. I rely on Jesus as my shepherd, who leads me beside the still waters of comfort, and feeds me with fruits of his vineyard. Lord! hasten the day when death shall seal all my vows, and fulfil all thy promises. How can I express the ardour of the flame that burns within, and the depth of those joys bestowed

on me. I think that I enjoy the blessings of Buayan's pilgrims in the land of Beulah: day and night, sleeping and waking, I hold converse with the glorious Trinity. I am unutterably blessed. Heavenly Father! lead thy favoured child to a closer walk with thee, and finally receive me to realms of everlasting glory.

May 23rd. The paths of the Lord are pleasant to my soul, and I rejoice in the way I have chosen. I am enabled by grace to make a surrender of all I have and am; enjoying a mystic life in Jesus, in whose wisdom and might I exult, glorying in a crucified Redeemer. I find more need of, and feel more love to ardent prayer. I daily feel stimulated to press forward. I feel lost in speechless wonder when I consider the glory and majesty of my Redeemer at his second coming to judge all nations, and to give to his saints their portions of everlasting glory; and that I, if faithful, shall then be owned of him, designated beloved and blessed of the Father, and be conducted above ruined worlds and burning elements to his eternal kingdom, and behold his face without a veil, where I, as he has said, "*shall shine forth as the sun.*"

May 30th. My time flies swiftly as an arrow shot from a bow. Month after month passes on; each appears smiling as if its stay would be long, and then departs for ever. I awoke this morning with these words on my mind: "*The living, the living to praise thee.*" It is a mercy that I am a living monument of his love, and not of his fierce indignation so justly merited: nevertheless, I hope soon to be a brighter monument in regions of blessedness, praising my

Redeemer, with cherubim and seraphim, and "the spirits of the just made perfect." Many have been my exercises through the past week. The enemy has daily endeavoured to reason me out of that faith which claims the assurance of full salvation. In every prayer, and after every religious duty, he has assailed me, that he might blast my blooming hope of futurity: but glory be to the strength of Israel, he has established my heart, and these temptations have led me more fully to appreciate the blessings of a clean heart, and an immediate readiness for glory. I am no longer safe than while I see and feel my utter helplessness. Jehovah declares he will bless and keep me from henceforth even for ever. Faith claims and applies the promise; hope springs up and views a steadfast course, and triumphs in the prospect of immortal happiness. While musing on these things, strength is imparted: all enemies seem vanquished; even death, the latest foe; and love, burning with desire, would immediately press to the possession of those blessings which were so dearly bought, yet amply provided. Rejoice! O my soul in the arm omnipotent: fear not, thou shalt win the day.

June 1st. O most gracious God! I rise this morning with a solemn determination to live unreservedly to thee this month; following on to "apprehend that for which I am apprehended." A consciousness that I am pressing forward affords me daily joy.

"Lord in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee."

June 6th. Whit Sunday. O that on this glad day, the Lord would come to his temple, and fill my soul with unutterable joy. My happy soul still finds its all in a crucified Redeemer, walking in the light of his countenance, delighted with his love, and filled with joy, and stayed upon him in peace. Snares may beset me as I advance in youth's slippery paths. Lord guard thine own, and keep me faithful. Thy favour is better than life.

“The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.”

What an unspeakable blessing that I am preserved from the follies and vanities of youth, and saved from the pomps and pleasures of the world. Heavenly Father! thou gavest me power to set my heart to get true wisdom. I praise thee! thou hast begun a good work; thou hast set my feet upon a rock: increasingly communicate thyself unto me. I long, I faint for the joys of thy presence in glory. Break in upon my heart with radiant glory.

June 12th. Time, in its quick revolutions, has once more brought my natal morn.

“God of my life, to thee
A cheerful song I'll raise!
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.”

The sun has closed sixteen circuits, and now commenced the seventeenth, since my immortal spirit, in connexion with its frail tabernacle, entered this world. Twelve months ago, I could not presume on another year, from the state of my health; nor can I now, on another, though better in health; so great is the uncertainty of life. Yet, O my God! I praise thee: living or dying, I am thine. I prefer a life in heaven: but a life on earth, enjoying thy favour and love, is paradise indeed. I feel a momentary regret that these sweet mornings of my days are hastening away so fast; but this subsides, and gives place to the exhilarating consideration that they are devoted to thee, and sweetly blended with the joys of religion; and that the unimpaired and unencumbered faculties of my soul, are exerted to secure a crown that fadeth not away; and which may be mine ere I have experienced the cares of riper years. Animating hope! I shall one day go to him who has cleansed me from all sin, in his blood—who continues to keep me—and is ready to present me blameless to the Father, with exceeding joy.

June 17th. O my God! I know that I am freely invited to all the riches of thy grace; yet I do not receive them in such plenitude and power as I desire. Enable me to receive of thy fulness, and grace for grace. I praise thee for a heart, believing, true, and clean; and that thou fillest it with constant peace and joy. I rise in thy love—live in thy favour—lay down under thy smile—and repose under thy protection. Early, late, yea continually, my heart is happy and fixed. How delightful are my seasons of retirement,

secluded from all sublunary things. No created thing yields me happiness: I derive all from the bleeding Lamb. O that I could more rapidly rise to inconceivable heights of holiness. I find that there is yet much for me to do; and earnestly cry to God, that I may become more diligent: my heart ever adoring his love, and my tongue proclaiming his praise.

June 20th. To the high and lofty one who inhabiteth eternity, be glory, honour, and dominion, for ever. What a debt of praise I owe: so great, that through eternal ages I shall continue under the delightful obligation; and, long as my being lasts, this shall be my happy employment. How wonderful the way in which the Lord has led me. "My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour." I am pressing forward in the strength of grace, drinking deeper at the fountain head. Matchless love! that I, even I, should be permitted to sit down in his kingdom, and receive a glorious inheritance. O thou great and eternal God, who knowest all things, tell me if I do not love thee; or, if I love any thing in comparison to thee; or, if I prove any thing so sweet as communion with thee my God and king; or, if I anticipate any thing, as I do the joy of thy immediate presence.

June 27th. In addition to some painful exercises of mind, I have recently been more indisposed in body. But, while I am suffering my Saviour's righteous will, he maketh my cup run over. I am pained that I do not bear a nobler testimony to his goodness. O my God! thou hast upheld me in my race, and enabled me to walk in union with thee Father, Son, and Holy

Ghost, one God, blessed for ever. Though I have not been exempted from temptations, thou hast lifted up a mighty standard against them. When apparently near death, thou enabledst me to triumph over death, the grave, and hell: my spirit longing to burst its prison walls, and wake in endless life and liberty. I shall eternally proclaim the wonders of thy name.

June 20th. Bless the Lord! O my soul. I feel much stirred up to seek a closer walk with God. Most gracious God! I now *renew* my covenant with thee, and solemnly, in the strength of grace, here, give myself wholly, body and soul, mind, memory, and will, to thee the ever blessed Trinity, vowing by divine aid, to serve thee ardently and constantly, to my latest breath, loving no other good than thee. Now heavenly Father! I am not my own, but thine. Possess thine own: dwell in me continually, and grant that this covenant, made with a willing heart, and now subscribed by a ready hand, may be ratified in heaven. Here I set my seal that thou art true, and that with all my heart I solemnly subscribe myself thine, and pray that this engagement may not rise up in judgment against me, but rather further me in my way to glory. Amen! and Amen!

Mary Helen  Bingham.

We here find Miss B. formally *renewing* her solemn covenant with almighty God. This will not excite surprise in those who merely consider that her health was again beginning to fail. But she was further disposed to renew her covenant, from a full conviction that loss might be experienced, and that higher salvation

might be realized: hence she formally pledged herself to increased devotedness to God, that he might more largely communicate spiritual influence, by which she would be preserved from defection and loss, introduced into higher enjoyment, and realize eternal gain. She knew that her spiritual privileges, in this world, were equal to the capacity which the *almighty* God, in the exercise of his unerring wisdom, could give to her immortal spirit. She appeared fully persuaded, that whatever enlargement of view, or increase of enjoyment, she attained, there were still undefinable, yea inconceivable lengths beyond it; and while in her rapid flight, she passed from the nearest, to the next increasingly irradiated stage in the boundless expanse of christian privilege, the distance to further stations lessened; her spiritual sight became more clear, and strong, and penetrative, freed from mists, as she left the world: her love, with increasing energy and elasticity, impelled her onward: and her pinions of faith, being lengthened by prayer, and invigorated by exercise, she seemed, from the strength of her attachment, and in the ardour of pursuit for "*those things which are before,*" not only to have LEFT, but to have FORGOT "*the things which are behind.*"

There are many instances in scripture, of solemn covenants entered into by God and his people: some of which are peculiarly interesting. These were not more necessary and solemn, than beneficial to the people of God, while faithfully observed by them.

Some persons are afraid to enter into these solemn engagements, from the knowledge they have of their own infirmity; fearing they should break their covenant,

and have greater guilt and corresponding punishment : therefore, they consider it safer not to give this sacred pledge. There is cause to fear that the conduct of some professors, in refusing or hesitating to enter into covenant with God, arises from the absence or weakness of spiritual principles ; their hearts being unaffected with the importance of eternal things ; not yet resolved on a life of self denial and entire devotedness to God ; being unwilling to present body, soul, and spirit, as a sacrifice to him. Does not this unwillingness sometimes arise from an idea, that the strictness and continued effort implied in such a covenant, would be a giving up of that liberty which they desire to retain, not for the commission of gross sin, but for relaxation, ~~and~~ (what they consider would be) innocent accommodation to circumstances, in reference to themselves and others ? The defect apparent in such individuals, arises from their unsanctified affections, and proves that their hearts are not right with God.

It may be thought and said by some, that *love*, springing from a sense of obligation, may supersede the necessity of solemn covenant ; preserving from transgression, and stimulating to the observance of divine precepts. *Love*, arising from a sense of obligation, and of present and eternal interest connected with christian fidelity, *ought* to do this ; but there are many waters of trouble which may extinguish its flame ; many earthly objects which may cause it to wane, and lessen its heat, until it become cold. Certainly circumstances may occur, in which *love* would have greater influence than *mere bond*, without destroying

the bond: but may there not be others, in which *bond* may influence the conduct in the absence of, or, when there is only a low and insufficient degree of love to the supreme, and of gratitude to him for favours received? Those who are *sincere* in heart, need not hesitate to bind themselves to God, by solemn covenant; as all the grace requisite for obedience, is provided and promised; and as all the profit of obedience to him, will be their own. Those who are truly wise, will evidence their wisdom, in resolving on entire devotedness to God, and in covenanting with the Lord, that in the day of temptation to evil, their covenant may be kept in mind, and help to keep them pure; and that in the abounding of trouble, they may remember Jehovah's covenant with them, and have their "*hearts fixed, trusting in him, not fearing evil tidings.*"

July 6th. Yesterday I experienced a gracious answer to prayer and faith, and am now happily exempted from a great trial. How remarkable this opening of providence. Glory be to God! the class meeting this evening has been a heaven on earth: I have sat under the droppings of the sanctuary, and my soul was filled with the Saviour's love. I am happy indeed. O my Redeemer! I live to thee. I walk in the light of thy countenance, and by faith behold thy glory. If I had ten thousand lives, and as many tongues, I would gladly devote the whole to thy service and praise. My life glides sweetly away, gilded by the joys of communion with thee. I trust that I shall increase in heavenly meekness, and continually rejoice in the possession of grace, and in the prospect of glory.

July 11th. I mourn that I do not receive more of the fulness of the ever blessed deity. Surely I am not sufficiently in earnest at a throne of grace, and fail in exercising vigorous faith, though God waiteth to impart abundant holiness and angelical happiness. I now lay at thy feet, my Saviour: mould me as the potter's clay: teach me what thou wouldst have me do; and lead me in the way everlasting. How infinite thy mercy in making me, not a vassal, but thy free adopted child, an heir of heaven, to reign with thee. How great thy love! Thou wast degraded, that I might be exalted—wounded, that I might be healed—and died, that I might live for evermore. This love demands my life, my all; and to thee I have surrendered body, spirit, soul. What is this world to the glories of the new Jerusalem? I long to cross the flood: but, long as I am destined to live, I will praise thee that such glory and happiness will be mine at death.

July 16th. Gracious art thou to me, most holy Father! thou lovest me with an everlasting love, and willest me immortal joy. Though much oppressed by bodily infirmity, I prove the sufficiency of thy grace. Parent of good! how manifold are thy works; how manifest thy wisdom. At this season of the year, luxuriant nature displays her ripened stores,—the cultured garden teeming with delicacies for man, and the valley's sward with food for beasts. But ah! how ungratefully are thy favours received by man; thy hand being but rarely acknowledged, or thy name praised, by many who lay down and rise up, forgetting *who* it is that giveth the fruitful rain, and vivifying sun, and increase to the fruits of the earth. No

wonder these minor things are disregarded, while alas the great offers of divine mercy are slighted. How extremely happy should I be, were my mind entirely abstracted from worldly things, except when absolutely necessary to the proper discharge of relative duties. I regret that worldly things, in any degree, prevent that close and incessant communion with God which I want to enjoy. I bless God for the degree of this to which I have attained.

July 22nd. I cleave to the Lord, for the world is a vacuum: and the more my mind is engaged in it, the more I mourn in feeling its emptiness, that my enjoyment of God is not greater, as I find substantial bliss in him. As I advance in years, domestic concerns devolve more fully upon me, and more thought concerning them seems necessary. May I labour to enter into the heavenly rest. What! Have heaven without striving to attain it? O no! I must fight the good fight of faith; then mine shall be the victory of the cross. May my thoughts be more fixed on my Redeemer, who is my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Day and night He is my theme.

July 25th. I have had one thing to learn this week; viz. to bear having evil thought and spoken of me unjustly, without feeling impatience or murmuring. At length I counted it joy, and could glory in suffering this new cross, and endeavoured to walk in the steps of my suffering Redeemer. Thy paths, O Lord, are delightful to me. Thy spirit cleanses my conscience from dead works, quickens and renews me in righteousness, causing grace to conquer nature. I know that I am led and guided by the *Spirit*, through the

merit and propitiation of the *Son*, to the fulness of love in the ever blessed *Father*. I solemnly declare that the power of grace has transformed my mind and all its powers, and given me a preparation for, and that my soul is ready to wing its way to glory.

August 1st. Another month has commenced its rapid march. These petty divisions of time will soon cease, and eternity with all its glories, be unfolded to view. Eternity!—I pause on the word. Though solemnly awful, it is delightful, being divested of its terrors to the christian. I have had a good week; enjoying more of the divine presence, and once or twice in particular, felt the *abounding joy*. My soul has been quickened in seasons of retirement. In what perfect peace he has kept my soul, when experiencing many trying things. O God! I cast myself continually on thy almighty love: in thee do I live; or rather, thou fulfillest thy promise,—that thou wilt live in me, and walk in me, and be my God, and I one of thy people. What sublunary charms can vie with the riches of thy grace? Or, what created thing enhance my happiness? None! In the fulness of the ever blessed Trinity is all I want and seek for time and eternity. At times, I fear that my improvement in grace does not keep up with the flight of time. O that I were more vigorous and diligent.

August 8th. My gracious God! where shall I begin to speak of thy loving kindness and mercy which have continually followed me? From thee I have unutterable joy; being favoured with thy presence, sustained by thy love, and led on from grace to grace, in hope of seeing thee in glory. I know the Lord is

carrying on his work : but I want my mind incessantly fixed on him who is its source and centre. Lord increase my faith. I want the flame of prayer, and love, and praise, continually to ascend from my heart when engaged in temporal things. How sweet is the divine presence, and how great the joys to which I am hastening.

August 15th. My theme is still the same—glory be to God and the Lamb for ever ! and hope to continue it till in heaven I take my place. It is my one great business here so to live that I may die in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection and glorious immortality. This strict life of unremitting diligence and holiness is neither irksome nor gloomy, but rather productive of peace and happiness, enabling its possessor to despise the transitory riches of this world, glorying in those which are substantial and eternal, which moth and rust cannot corrupt ; laid up where thieves cannot break through and steal.

August 19th. I found profit while reading the sixteenth Psalm, from the fifth verse to the end. I can adopt the language of the Psalmist. Yet O my God, I am still unprofitable to thee. O that I could more fully prove that promise: "*I will dwell in them and walk in them, &c.*" I want a continual sense of the presence of God. I have been favoured with interesting views of the glorious Trinity, and of my privilege in participating the divine nature, and of having the riches of grace and glory. Rejoice my soul ! and serve him with greater alacrity—love him with greater ardour—adore and praise him with greater fervour.

August 25th. I am in some degree advancing in grace, and find the Lord truly precious: he is even now "*my exceeding great reward.*" He is the soul of my believing soul. What an heavenly serenity I feel. I now find that he dwells and walks in me. With what joy I tender him my heart. Though invisible, he is with me, and I shall soon be with him in realms of light. How my soul longs to be with him there. I love him! not as the miser loves his gold, or the libertine his pleasures: my love is superior; it is heavenly: I would that I could more fully express it, and enjoy far greater measures of it. Joyfully I give myself to thee my God, desirous that every breath be thine.

August 29th. Glory to God! Week after week rolls on, bringing me greater enjoyment: ineffably sweet are the joys of his presence. In communing with thee, sublunary good vanishes, and all I feel is the silent heaven of love. Thy word declares those are blessed who *die* in thee: and I venture to say those are unutterably blessed who *live* in thee: yet, *doubly* blessed are those who after *living* to thee, *die* in thee. I thank thee for the life I now live, sequestered and saved from the world. Thou art the end of every thought, desire, and search; yea, my all in all. Thy love is better than life. To thee I look, on thee depend. O keep me faithful. Give strength I beseech thee to my faith, constancy to my love, ardency to my prayers, fervency to my devotion, and perseverance to the end: then will I eternally proclaim thy praise.

September 1st. O matchless love! O boundless grace! that I, even I, am a member of his mystical

body, a partaker of his nature, and shall finally be blessed with his glorious presence. I have lately felt an increasing degree of holy peace. I am exceedingly happy in the love of my crucified Redeemer. Reposing on that eternal rock, my soul is unshaken, and calmly sits above all earthly things. I begin this month as though it were my first or last; surrendering myself with unspeakable joy, to thee my God. O, what hast thou prepared for me in glory! As I cannot now fathom the depth of one moment's enjoyment before the throne of the Lamb, what will be the heights and depths of *eternal* bliss? I will adore and bless thee for ever and ever.

September 8th. I am unutterably blessed, dwelling in love, cheered by the presence of God; and in having my path illumined by the light of life. My unworthy soul pursues her way, but not so rapidly as she ought. Far deeper would I sink; and higher would I rise into the image and love of my blessed Redeemer. In resisting evil, I am rewarded with my heart's desire, experiencing greater nearness to God, and larger communications of his love.

September 14th. On the 11th and 12th, I had not abounding joy, though in possession of a settled peace. I arose this morning in a happy state of mind, and have this evening a lively faith in God. The last two days, I have had a closer walk with my Redeemer, "*whom having not seen I love, and in whom I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.*" I now retire happy in his love, and ardently thirsting for more; and, with a blooming hope of heaven, I now close another day, prepared, not only for the *image* of death,

but for the *reality*, and to rise in regions of eternal bliss. I desire to be constantly preserved from entering upon trifling conversation. The more I separate from the world, and become a co-worker with the Spirit, the more I find my soul transformed into the image of the Father. I am thrice happy in the Saviour's love. Glory be to thee my God! thy law is my delight; thy service is sweet; thy paths are peace; and though they may be too narrow for some, if thou my Lord but give me strength to walk, and uphold me in them, thou mayst make them narrower if it please thee. I cannot walk too close with thee. I find the path narrower, as I rise higher; and perceive that a fall would be more awful, and that there would be greater difficulty in recovering what I should lose. These thoughts tend to keep the soul humble at the foot of the cross.

September 10th. This week my soul has advanced in grace. Such a week I have not lately spent: my whole heart has gone out after God. I have felt in spirit a greater coming out and separation from the world; and have enjoyed more of the presence of God. With temporal and spiritual blessings, he maketh my cup run over. Compared with His excellency, I count and renounce all things as dross, that I may be found in him. "*But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.*" The holy scriptures are greatly blessed to me. O Lord of Hosts! how amiable are thy tabernacles, thy word, and thy ways. As I rise on the wings of faith, thou bearest me to a land beyond the region of the shadow of death.

September 26th. My present communications from God are superior to those which I formerly received. Now the illuminating influences of the Spirit are on subjects, and exhibit to me blessings as my privilege, with which, till recently, I have been unacquainted. I am called to leave the views and feelings, and the measure of the spirit of prayer, faith, and holy diligence, in which my spiritual life commenced, and those also in which it has increased. These must give place to more extended views—more ardent feelings—more efficient exertions, which must be daily changed for still greater. What heights and depths of holiness are discovered to me by the Holy Spirit in the word of truth. My soul longs for those with an ardency which I cannot describe. O how I covet those blessings. I thank God for what I have received: for permitting me so frequently "*To sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus:*" for the precious union I have enjoyed with him; and for delightful and transporting views of his glory: but with humility I declare, my craving soul will not be satisfied till at the fountain head I drink to all eternity.

On the day of the last date, Miss B. caught a violent cold, and having a cough at the time, she became very poorly the following day. Daily becoming worse, medical aid was procured. Her strength continued to decline, and a rapid consumption threatened speedily to extinguish the vital flame. A physician was called in, and the progress of disease became less rapid. While her friends, in tears around her, were expecting her removal, she had confidence (as she wrote about the close of November) that the silver cord would no

then be leaved; for *that* was not the time of her *deliverance*. She adds—"I am now a little stronger, but my heavenly Father knoweth what will be the issue of this affliction: his will be done, granting me perfect resignation. I long to have my warfare over, and to be in heaven. My dear mother, by her situation (approaching her ninth confinement) was, in the height of my affliction, trebly tied to my heart; considering her as being unable to attend to her family, and mourning my expected removal: nevertheless, grace is sufficient."

December 12th. Abundant praise and glory be ascribed to the ever blessed God. I am *here* this morning, *the living, the living* to praise thee, as thou dost not yet see good to give me a crown of glory. With the declining year, thou increasest a little, my bodily health and strength, that I may win the well-fought day, and rise to my eternal reward. May my heart ever be free from all below. I happily know that "*Whom the son maketh free, is free indeed.*" I seek not, I want not, this world's good. This tabernacle repeatedly shakes, and presents to my view my removal to a world of spirits. I only desire life that I may live fathoming the depths of grace, and meetening for the immediate presence of my Redeemer. Praised be his name! I do experience this in some degree; but desire much more. To day, for the first time since the commencement of my late affliction, I have walked a few yards in the open air. The Lord be praised: I rejoice in his full salvation, and know, that at my appointed time, I shall behold his face in glory.

December 19th. Where shall my wandering soul begin to recount the mercies of another week of my existence, in addition to all those temporal and spiritual blessings previously received. My heavenly Father has seen good to bless me with an increase of bodily strength, though I am still very feeble. I praise him for the providence and grace displayed in my partial recovery: not that I shrink from death, nor less ardently long to be in glory; but because I see that many blessed ends may be answered by my life being spared.

"To thee, benign and saving power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;
While mark'd with blessings every hour,
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

Be all my added life employ'd
Thine image in my soul to see;
Fill with thyself the mighty void!
Enlarge my heart to compass thee."

December 27th. I sat up rather later than usual this evening, that I might be present at the quarterly renewal of the society tickets. I can scarcely recollect ever having had such a refreshing season to my soul. How precious is my Redeemer! How happy and blessed is my soul. I knew that I am "*Christ's, therefore Abraham's seed, and heir according to the promise.*"

December 31st. What an amazing providence that I am spared to see the end of this year! It was believed that, ere this time, I should have had a place

in that land where sin and sorrow never enter. Many are surprised at what God has done for me, in regard to my health. Praise and glory be to his name, for the ten thousand times ten thousand blessings he has bestowed upon me in the year that is past. In sickness I had most loving and tender parents, every earthly comfort, all that could be procured by them; and above all, I had their prayers. Am I less favoured in spiritual blessings? O no. In the months that are past, the riches of grace in Christ Jesus have been mine. I have, through the Son, enjoyed the love of the Father. A constant heaven has been mine: a dependance on him; and certain hope of glory. To this moment, by his grace, I possess the witness of the Spirit, that I am renewed in his love, and am going on to receive the heights of his grace. I have not been left alone in the fire of affliction. He who is my everlasting portion, never forsook me. Though I had little power of thinking or acting, all was well, for God was with me. I feel him precious: he is all to me. He has kept me in the way; in temptations supported me; and with unknown communications of his love, delighted and filled my soul. He has brought me to this moment; and soon on shores of eternal happiness, I shall sing his praise. I conclude this year, perhaps *my last*, lost in the view of his goodness; and whether on earth I spend another or not, it will be well; "for to live is Christ, but *to die is gain*." To the great Three One that inhabiteth eternity, *my* God, be praise, glory, honour, might, majesty, and dominion, now and for ever.

January 9th, 1825. To the supreme and wise eternal God, be praise for ever and ever. He still does good to prolong my life. What his will is concerning me, I know not. At times I think I shall sink into an early grave. This mortal body (yet heavenly charge!) is so far enfeebled, that I think it never will be restored to perfect soundness, till by omnipotent power, it shall be raised immortal and incorruptible. I feel a renewal of all the vows, desires, and intentions of my life, which at different times I have made, of being entirely his; a temple of the Holy Ghost, possessed by none but God. I would cleave to the bleeding Lamb: no other love in earth or heaven would I enjoy; and to my heavenly Father and crucified Redeemer, I again give myself, wishing to live no longer than to his glory; and at the appointed time, to die in the full triumph of faith. O may I, with my latest breath, be able to declare the privilege which I have enjoyed, of being cleansed from all sin! Sooner or later, when my change shall come,

“ May I without a lingering groan,
The welcome word receive ; ”

drop this earthly load, and go to my beloved. Faithful to death may I remain, and mine shall be the crown of life.

January 11th. I fully intended staying at the class meeting this evening, but was prevented by increasing indisposition of body. How I felt having to retire prior to the meeting. When shall I be favoured with the opportunity of once more spending a precious hour

with the children of God in *that* means of grace? But thou most gracious Father knowest that thy dispensations are the best. Give me but the constant enjoyment of thy love, and I leave all other things to thee and thine almighty care.

January 16th. I trust my soul is still prospering, and following after more holiness of heart and life. Before my sickness, I daily and hourly employed my mind with vigour in pursuit of heavenly things. But now I am overcome by weakness, and am unable to think connectedly of any thing, and am tempted to fear that I do not serve God so earnestly as I did before my sickness; yet I know the Lord has in mercy afflicted me. *The desire of my soul is the same,* though the body is not so capable of aiding its pursuits. Glory be to thee, O my gracious God: thou art my portion; thou art my all in all. I desire nothing but thee. Thou art ten thousand times more precious, more valuable, than all that can be desired. O where would be my comfort, what should I do *now* without thee, O my God? What could support and stay my mind? What could give me comfort in the prospect of death, if I were destitute of thy love, O my Father? To thee I fly; in thee is the haven of rest: and assuredly I know that when the storms of life shall cease, thou wilt receive my soul through him who loved me. With what gratitude and pleasure I call to mind the scenes and feelings that attended the giving of myself to thee. Hitherto thine have I lived, thine may I die, and be for ever thine. Yet while I live, let me enjoy closer communion with thee, experience more holiness, stronger faith, unclouded views, and more than ever know that thou art a God of love.

“Thou, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Wilt keep me faithful to the end :
I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
Will save me to my latest hour ;
And when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.”

January 18th. The Lord be praised for all his mercies : I have this night again enjoyed the privilege of meeting in class, and found my soul refreshed. These are precious means on earth and foretastes of future glory, and stimulate to strive for the possession. From weakness I could not say much, but when in yon bright abodes, I shall more freely tell the wonders of Immanuel's love.

January 23rd. Sabbath after sabbath dawns upon me here ; and soon, I trust, the day spring of an eternal sabbath will appear. The christian's triumph is certainly great ; yet little can a reader, or observer, conceive of the great conflict, when nature is called to leave all that is dear, clinging by many unthought of threads : but *glorious is the victory!* Gracious Father, accept my offering ; a body weak and frail ; a spirit aspiring after thee ; a soul entirely thine. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I surrender myself joyfully ; knowing that when my warfare is over, prepared by the Spirit, received and beloved by the Son, I shall be admitted to the glory of the Father. A little more striving and fighting, and I shall be crowned. Through mercy I have “the pearl of great price,” and I, unworthy I, shall land in glory. Praise the Lord ; Hallelujah !

The following is Miss B—'s last entry in her diary, which will show (as the Rev. W. Coultass observes in the *Youth's Instructor* for 1826, page 344) that as long as she could record the dealings of God with her, she continued to breathe after more of the mind of her Saviour, and to have the strongest confidence in him; accompanied with a conviction that it was possible for her to fall; but even this did not damp her joy.

February 13th. For some time I have been incapacitated by affliction for writing. Through the blessing of my heavenly Father, I have recently received some benefit from medical assistance. I should rejoice in the recovery of my health were it his sovereign will; and if not, I rejoice, because I shall go to glory. This week my mind has been wonderfully blessed; my soul was refreshed and strengthened. I feel that I have gained ground in my race, and prove the sweets of divine love in communion with God. I have been led more to the throne of grace, and feel more divine energy, and glory in Jehovah's mighty name. He is still to me in sickness all that I proved him to be in health. He is my strength, my life, my all; both for time and eternity. My ever blessed Redeemer is wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. I am blessed in him. The small appearances of reviving nature cheer me in contemplation of either enjoying them here, or that I shall soon be an inhabitant of that land where fairer flowers bloom; while little warbling birds remind me of sweeter and better praises; and ten thousand glittering orbs seem to say that I shall contemplate "Nature's God." I feel not the impulse of enthusiastic joy, but the sweet

overpowering influence of the Spirit, from the fulness of the Deity, descending upon me. What am I, to be so blessed and marked out as an heir of glory? Lord keep me. May I lose no gems of that bright crown, but be faithful. I firmly believe, that until I am past the reach of mortal and immortal foes, I am liable to fall. But if death seize me in my armour, then I may for ever bid adieu to temptations, doubts, and fears. My soul goes out in strong desire and prayer for more holiness and love. I cannot rest: there is more for me. Jesus may be yet more precious; I may be yet more holy, happy, and meet for heaven; and to press forward is my charge. O my Father, grant it to me through thy beloved son.

“So, when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heav'n's host adore their king,
I shall be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glory sing.

Thus closed the diary of this interesting young person. From this time, her health and strength declined apace, and rendered her incapable of continuing the pleasing and profitable exercise of recording her holy meditations and christian experience. In health, she had evinced an aptness to learn, and a cheerful readiness to perform the good and acceptable and perfect will of God; but she was now called to *suffer* and *endure* his will, in extreme debility and protracted pain to the close of her mortal

life, proving that unto her it was given not only to believe and rejoice, but to pass through a fiercer and more extended flame of trial, ere she was permitted to enjoy the beatific vision and to reign with her Lord. Happily in her, this last affliction, had not so much to detach her from the world, and to purify her mind from alloy, as to expand and mature the passive graces of the Spirit.

How often, when those persons who have only sought their happiness in earthly things, are unexpectedly visited with disease, which threatens them with the certain and speedy and violent extinction of life, the world instantaneously disappears from their view, extorting the confession "*Vanity of vanities all is vanity:*" while, apparently unconscious of all around them, they look to the heavens above, as if expecting instantly to see the *Judge of the world* appearing in all his holy and awful solemnities, to punish them eternally for having rejected his glorious gospel, or for having neglected his great salvation, feeling themselves destitute of hope—paralyzed by fear—incapable of effort—filled with confusion—and overwhelmed with despair.

Professors of religion who have not followed the Lord fully, generally find when visited with heavy affliction, a lack of divine consolation, being so occupied with and overpowered by the conviction of not having the entire meetness absolutely necessary for heaven, and uncertain how few the moments that remain for obtaining it, they find it necessary to occupy these in prayer for full preparation; instead of which, they might have lived actually and habitually

ready, praising God in the enjoyment of strong consolation, and patiently and calmly waiting for their dismissal "from a suffering church beneath, to a reigning church above."

It is a great blessing to possess in health that measure of grace which fully preserves from the captivity of worldly and sinful allurements; but it is a still greater blessing to feel in affliction equally free from the wretched tyranny of disappointment and murmuring—of surprise and alarm—having the enjoyment of religious consolation—being cheered by assurance of present acceptance—and exulting in a good hope, through grace, of realizing final victory and eternal bliss.

It is possible for serious characters, while in possession of health, to conclude that the whole of their religious views, and feelings, and conduct, solely arise from the operations of the Holy Spirit on their minds, and are entirely under his control, and demonstrate a maturity and establishment in grace; not considering, and therefore making no abatement in their estimate for favourable local circumstances, and especially for the vivacity arising from an exhilarating flow of animal spirits, which, generally, enables those who possess it to think, and feel, and act, without laboured effort—to pursue their object, scarcely feeling or perceiving an obstacle—and to close their religious avocations with a freshness and vigour unabated by exertion. But in severe affliction, local circumstances, if not unfavourable, are generally unavailing, as the soul cannot then either eat, or drink, or lean upon the "*goods laid up for many years*;" and more especially, as they will rather

have a tendency to *depress* than to exhilarate the minds of those who, by trusting too much in them, have abused them, and deceived themselves: hence in the total absence of, or in experiencing the inefficiency of human aid, or outward things, while sufferings are abounding, professions of religion and religious attainments are more fully tested—the strength of grace in possession more accurately defined—and more clearly understood. Those who did not clearly distinguish between *nature* and *grace* in their religious feelings and exercises, while in possession of health, but gave themselves credit for higher attainments than they had actually realized, have been astonished, when called to contend with disease and pain, at their former self adulation, distressingly experiencing a partial if not total lack of spiritual strength and consolation, and have evidenced to others that they were destitute of courage to meet, and of fortitude to endure “the ills which flesh is heir to.” But how apparent the wisdom, and how substantial and durable the happiness of those who, while in the possession of health, considered that “the Lord looketh at the heart, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts;” and were careful, strictly and impartially, to analyze their own principles and motives, and to weigh their actions in the even balances of the sanctuary; clearly discriminating between that which was merely animal, and that which was purely spiritual; and concluding that their growth in grace was only in proportion to their increase in the latter, and making it the sole object of their desire and effort; inasmuch as they possess a *competency* of grace in the commencement of their affliction, and prove

through its progress, to its crisis and close, that "*their sufficiency is of God.*"

The pious and happy subject of this memoir

"Had health which pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies."

From February to the end of May, the fatal disease continued its ravages, daily exhibiting symptoms of increasing conquest, which left her sorrowful parents without hope of her recovery. On perceiving their sorrow in beholding her sufferings, and their anguish of mind in the anticipation of her removal, she said to them, "do not grieve: I am very happy."

An intimation having been given her about eight weeks before her death, of the possibility of her recovery, she said "O what hard work it would be for me to have to return to those things which I have given up." About a week after this she said to her mother, "now I know that I shall die. The Lord has given me a token," but added, that she was only at liberty to inform her mother in part of the nature and particulars of the communication made to her. One evening, her eyes caught the rays of the setting sun, and she observed, "my sun will set to rise in Jesus." On her mother replying, "my dear it will; but thou must instruct us that we may be ready to follow;" she replied, "*grace for one—grace for all—not me—Christ all in all.*"

Though worn down, and nearly exhausted by her sufferings, she felt much concerned for the spiritual welfare of her brother T——, who was not then the

subject of converting grace. By earnest entreaty, and stimulating encouragement, she prevailed upon him instantly to seek the Lord with all his heart; and he obtained a knowledge of salvation, experiencing the remission of his sins. Thus in *death* she became "*a savour of life unto life*;" and the parents, while anticipating a speedy and painful bereavement, in the removal of a *daughter*, whose glory was lighted at the skies, had, ere she set in death, the happiness of witnessing the deliverance of a *son* from the power of darkness, and his translation into the kingdom of grace. This was a glorious victory obtained over Satan, while experiencing the prostration of her natural strength: being covered by her shield of faith, she not only had her own soul for a prey, but constrained by christian and fraternal love, she grasped the sword of the Spirit, and rescued a beloved captive brother out of the hands of the mighty; enabling the parents to say, though our DAUGHTER *dieth*, our SON *liveth*.

The young ladies, who made some observations on her dress, as mentioned at the thirteenth page, kindly visited her when brought to the gates of death, and "saw in what peace a christian could die." They found

"The chamber where she met her fate,
Was privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

While moralizing there, on what they saw and heard, the scene powerfully tended to "abate the glare of life, which often blinds the wise:" to "rouse souls from

slumber, into thoughts of heaven;" and soon were ready to acknowledge that

"Smitten friends
Are angels sent on messages of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:"

but happily resolved, that their young christian friend should not languish, should not die in vain; and have become followers of her who through faith and patience inherits the promises.

At the request of Miss B. all her brothers were called into her room, about a week before her death, that she might give them her dying advice. They were much affected by the suitable—the eternally important truths delivered by their dying sister, on the verge of heaven. The eldest brother could not refrain from praising God, on having a sister so near to glory, and in the belief that, were he called, he was willing to go with her. May the convictions they received, and the resolutions formed while under the gracious influence which then rested upon them, be abiding and increasingly influential till the day of Christ: then they, with their sister, will appear with him in glory.

On Wednesday June the first, she asked for her books, and divided them amongst her brothers and sisters, and then said "take them away; I have now done with all below. I have not one thing to do, but to die, and go to Jesus." Such is the advantage of "seeking *first* the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness:" while those who procrastinate and

leave the vast concern to the merry of a moment, frequently find that when they seek to enter in, they are not able; lacking time, or mental strength, or intervals of ease from violent pain, and sufficient power of recollection to keep the mind fixed, in attempting to repent, and believe for pardon, and prepare for their approaching exit.

"The time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, 'twere too long."

On Thursday, she was very happy, and desirous to die; frequently repeating striking passages of scripture, and verses of hymns, which were expressive of her views and confidence. As she longed to die, she asked her friends who came to see her, if they could perceive any change that indicated her dissolution being near.

On Friday morning, she took a little nourishment for the last time. Soon after this, she said, "I feel very different; I am unable to lift up my arm." Her father was sent for, and they soon perceived that nature was rapidly sinking. With her clasped hands lifted up, and her countenance expressing the happiness of her mind, she said in a whisper, "Come, come, come, Lord Jesus; come quickly;" and added "Why do his chariot wheels delay?" She then said to her friends, "Farewell, farewell." After this she sunk into a state of slumber, till roused by the cough, when she again repeated, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly." During the afternoon she frequently requested the friends to pray for her, and to pray that the Lord would

release her, if they thought the petition would not be wrong. Pressing her mother's hand, she said in a whisper, "I see angels in white, with their harps ready tuned. My feet are just touching Jordan. I shall soon be over. Heaven's gate stands wide open. Jesus is precious, is precious." After a short pause, she pressed her mother's hand again, and said, "Glory, glory, glory!" About eleven o'clock at night she held up her hands, as if anxious to be gone, and said, "Lend, lend"—her father added "your wings." Her father then said "cease fond nature:" she replied "fond nature cease," and fell into a slumber, but the cough returning, she revived again, and appeared disappointed, which seemed for a moment to lessen her joy. During the night, she requested her father to read some hymns on the sufferings of believers; and observed, that the following verse had frequently been very precious to her during her affliction:

"Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For good remember me;
Me whom thou hast caus'd to trust
For more than life on thee:
With me in the fire remain,
Till like burnish'd gold I shine;
Meet, through consecrated pain,
To see the face divine."

On Saturday morning, June 4th, she observed, "I have been too anxious to be gone, therefore the Lord has put me back; but I bear it with resignation, and

he will reward me; *for this day he will take me to himself.*" Her parents observed to her, that she might continue another day, and therefore should exercise patience, lest she should grieve the Holy Spirit. "I know" she replied "he will take me to day." From ten to twelve o'clock, she suffered much from a difficulty in breathing, and appeared to be at the point of suffocation. In a moment she changed, and said, "I am dying, dying;" and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, aged seventeen years, except seven days.

"Through nature's wreck, through vanquish'd agonies,
(Like the stars struggling through this midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!
Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death the mortal to be found.
Her comforters she comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur gives, not yields,
Her soul sublime."

Her funeral sermon was preached in the Wesleyan Chapel, Eckington, by the Rev. W. Coultass, from Rev. xiv. 13. "*I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write; Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.*"

FINIS.

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